

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 838



DEC. 19, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

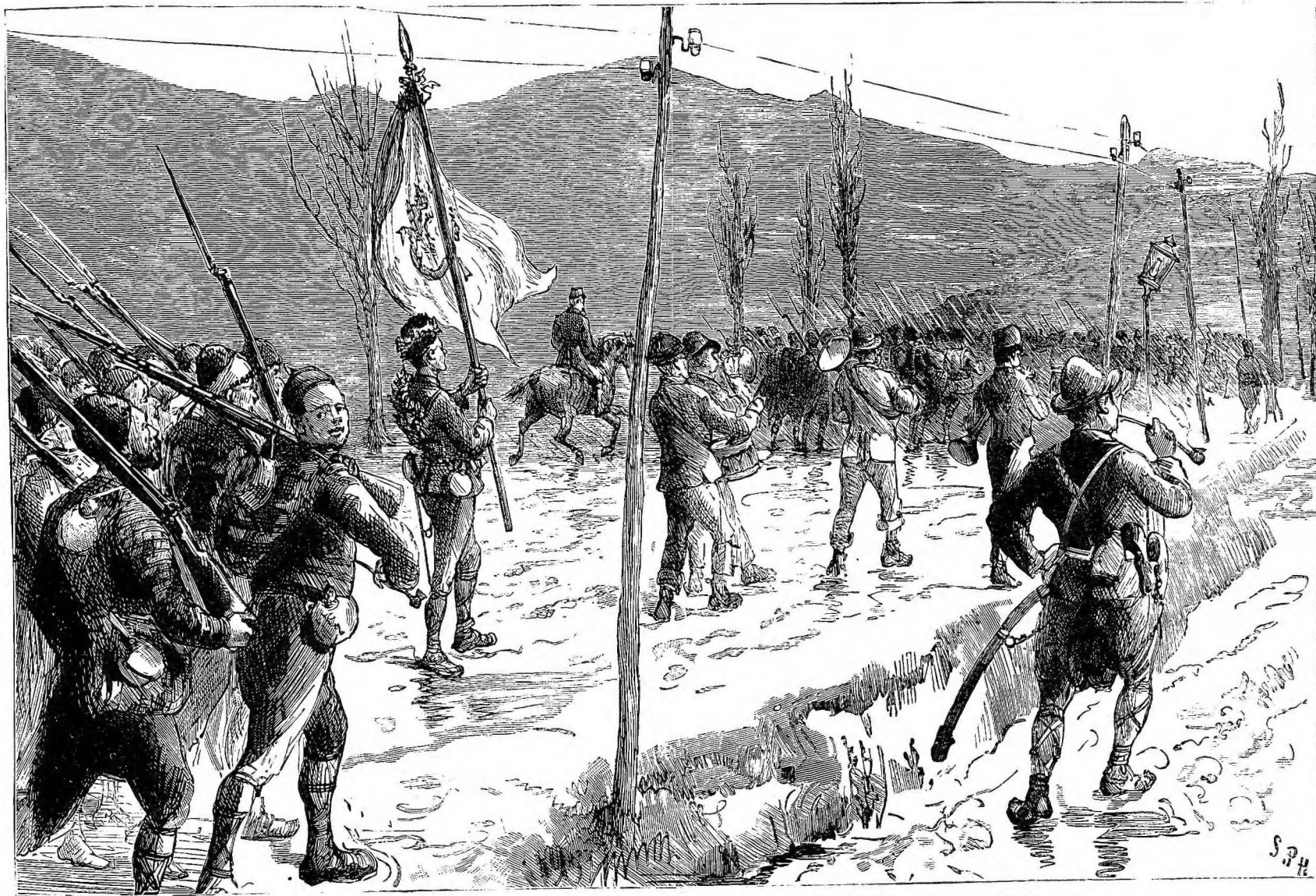
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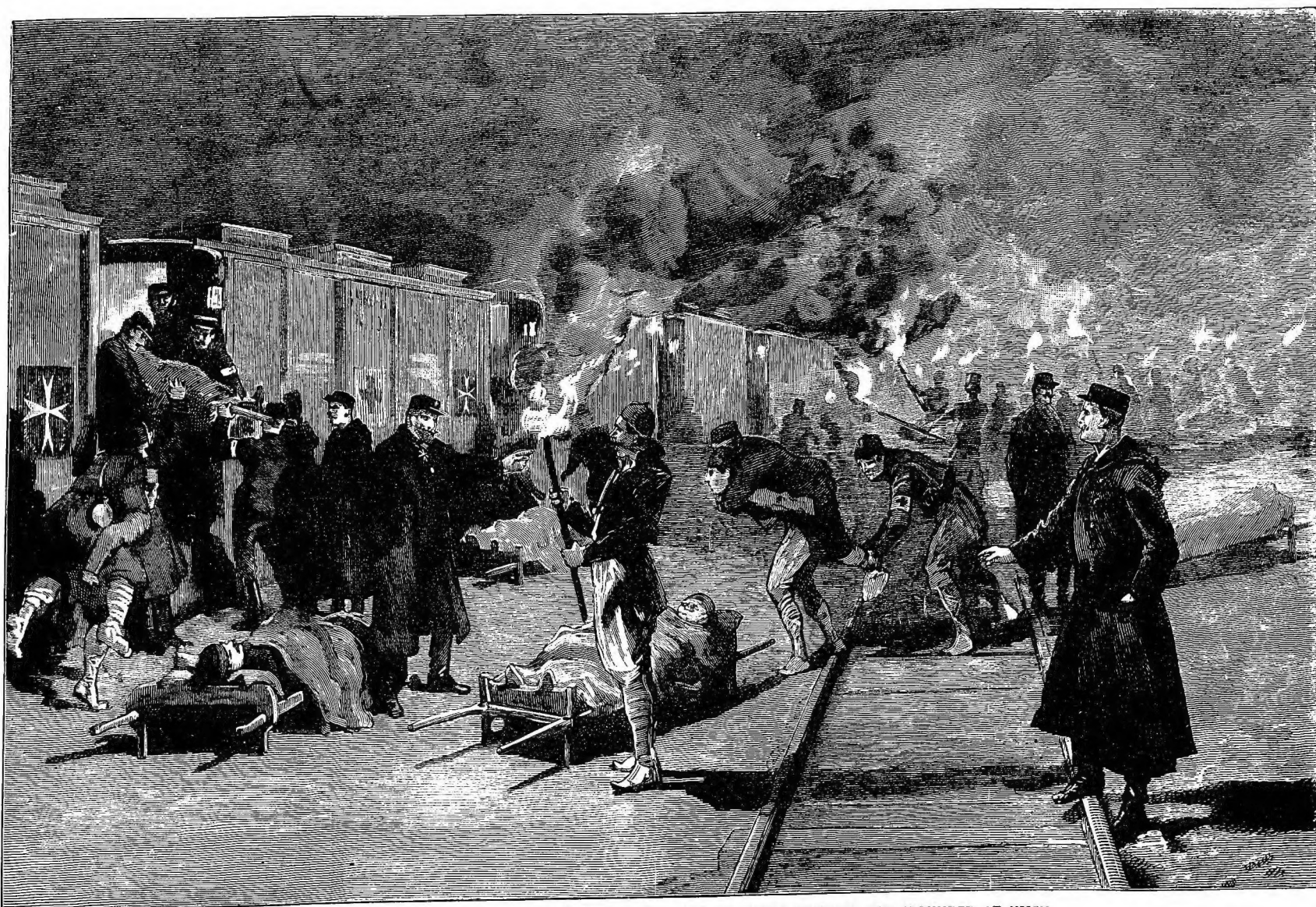
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



LIGHT HEARTS TO THE FRONT—THE MARCH OF THE SECOND-CLASS RESERVES EN ROUTE FOR PIROT



HEAVY HEARTS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD—THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA TENDING THE WOUNDED AT NISCH

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SERVIANS

Topics of the Week

THE MINISTERIAL DECISION.—So far as the interests of the country are concerned, it is a matter for satisfaction that the Government have decided to remain in office until they are turned out. Whether this resolve is equally advantageous to the Conservative party may be open to question. The Tapers and Tadpoles think not, it is clear, or they would not be running about proclaiming their belief that "Lord Salisbury has missed a splendid chance of dishing the Whigs." As for challenging a vote of confidence as soon as Parliament meets, we do not quite see how it is to be managed. The Government could not decently propose a vote of confidence in themselves, nor would they be likely to call upon the House for a formal censure. Perhaps these "brave 'orts" may be only a sort of defiance to the other side; there is plenty of challenging in the air, and the public would be very much frightened were it not for the conviction that neither side has much wish to fight. To a Laputan philosopher the situation would present many elements of interest. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Richard Chamberlain, speaking on behalf of the Radicals, deprecate any present attempt to form a Liberal Government. But Mr. Gladstone is understood to be so anxious to grasp the reins of power that he would be willing to give Mr. Parnell a place alongside him on the box seat. Here, then, we seem to be in presence of a clear divergence between the Liberal leader and his Radical lieutenants. No sooner, however, is that fact grasped than there come rumours of Radical angling for the Irish vote, the very thing which would square with Mr. Gladstone's supposed purpose. Lord Hartington makes no sign, but that does not save him from being credited with having concerted with Mr. Goschen to head a Whig revolt if any attempt be made to form a Government based on Irish good-will. These are but a few of the complications now troubling the intelligent minds of wire-pullers on both sides, who, like the public at large, very much wish that England could be governed in the old quiet fashion.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING IN IRELAND?—"How much independence can we venture to grant to malcontent Irishmen without losing our hold of the loyalist population of the United Kingdom generally?" This is the problem which is just now puzzling the brains of partisan leaders. The question is, without doubt, of importance, but the actual condition of Ireland at the present moment is of far more pressing and practical importance. That condition is eminently unsatisfactory, and, indeed, ominous of further mischief in the future. The brutal crimes of former periods have not altogether ceased, as witness the dynamite outrage near Ballinasloe, the murder at Killarney, and the attacks on bailiffs and process-servers; but the most threatening element at the present time is the all-pervading power of the National League. It has covered nearly the whole island with a subtle but extremely effective web of terrorism. Any one may be entangled in its folds. Such a fate may befall a man through paying lawful rent, through taking a farm from which the previous tenant was evicted, through supplying food to, or carrying the goods of boycotted persons, or even through merely holding intercourse with such people, as in the case of a clergyman and his parishioners. As soon as the offence has been committed, albeit unwittingly, the culprit becomes a pariah, and, especially if he be a poor man, ruin stares him in the face, unless he makes his submission to the Jacobin Club, which is at present the greatest power in Ireland. If this is the state of affairs with a Viceroy, a garrison of thirty thousand soldiers, and a splendid constabulary force, who have hitherto been unswerving in their good faith to the Crown, how would the loyalist minority fare under a local Parliament sitting in College Green? Tories, Whigs, and Radicals ought to insist on the entire break-up of this iniquitous National League, before they move an inch in the direction of Irish local independence. This can be done, and Gladstone and Salisbury ought to unite in doing it.

WORK AND TALK IN PARLIAMENT.—The reform of procedure in the House of Commons was one of the four points in Mr. Gladstone's manifesto, and there can be little doubt that the question will soon be raised, whether the Liberals take office or not. In the last Parliament the Parnellites found it easy to obstruct public business; and in the new Parliament, if existing arrangements are maintained, they will have no difficulty whatever in making real work impossible. But even if the Irish members were less powerful, it would be necessary to modify the system which has come down to us from past times. During the last thirty years all the conditions of Parliamentary life have changed. The functions of Parliament have been greatly extended, and the obscurest member now thinks he has a moral as well as a legal right to give full expression to his opinions on any subject that may happen to be under discussion. The consequence is that measures of the highest importance are put off from session to session, and that many of those which become law are passed in a form with which no one is perfectly satisfied. "Freedom of debate" is a good "cry," but that is an odd kind of freedom which leads to the paralysis of

the greatest of our institutions. The question ought not to be regarded as one of party politics, for to all English politicians it is of equal importance that Parliament should be capable of discharging efficiently the duties imposed upon it by the country. If the Conservative and Liberal leaders would meet and discuss the subject, they would probably soon devise a scheme which would command general assent.

CHURCH REFORM.—The late Disestablishment scare will not have been in vain, if it influences the Church to set about her own reformation in real earnest. That grave abuses exist is proved by the weighty memorials just presented to the two Archbishops by many leading members of both Universities. These addresses are identical in substance, and the names appended to them leave no doubt as to their emanating from real friends of the Church. The reforms mostly needed, in the opinion of the subscribers, are the establishment of parochial councils, the abolition of traffic in livings, the elimination of incompetent clergymen, the redistribution of endowments, and the introduction of more variety and elasticity into Church services. All of these changes would certainly be beneficial, but the first is, we think, of greater importance to the vitality of the Church than all the rest together. Unless the laity are given a more direct part in the management of Church affairs, whether by parochial councils or otherwise, they will continue to feel, as the majority do at present, only an apathetic regard for her welfare. "It's the parson's business," "It's the vicar's look out," are expressions commonly heard among those who consider themselves good Churchmen, when anything goes wrong. Nor are they much to blame for their indifferentism. Whatever zeal they originally possessed has been so scientifically refrigerated by continuous exclusion from active participation that they only feel a languid interest in what ought to concern them deeply. Here and there, some parish may be found where a different state of things exists, owing to the co-operation of the laity being invited and made use of by the incumbent, and in these instances an abundance of life demonstrates that the Church is not dead, but merely requires a vivifying touch to restore all her old vitality. But the laity will not be content unless admitted to share power in some measure, and to exercise real authority, however limited. The Ruridecanal and Diocesan conferences are all very well in their way, but too grand and too much in the air to do the work that is needed.

KING THEEBAW'S EMPTY THRONE.—What shall we do with Upper Burma now that resistance has collapsed, and the King is our prisoner? Shall we annex it or protect it? Those who know the East would, with few dissentient voices, favour annexation, as being a simpler, safer, and more straightforward course. A Protectorate implies a puppet prince, with no real power, and therefore prone to intrigue. It also implies a double set of administrators, native and European, involving unnecessary cost, and most likely inefficient administration. Our Egyptian experiences of the last few years are not so rosy as to make us fall in love with Protectorates. But, on the other hand, the word "annexation" has an ugly sound. The average tax-payer, smarting under South African and Soudan experiences, is apt to think it means more money conjured out of his pocket. Then Continental Powers, especially France, are very jealous of the further extension of the British flag. "What a pothor," they say, "does Perfidious Albion make if we only covet a little slice of country here and there, while she coolly swallows thousands of square miles at a gulp." Probably, however, the most potent argument, in the eyes of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, against the annexation of King Theebaw's dominions, is the sorrowful fact that their own seats in Downing Street may ere long be annexed by the Liberals. They object, therefore, to affording the G.O.M. an excuse for exclaiming, "See what these naughty Jingoos have been and done, while we were shivering out in the cold!"

AUSTRIAN POLICY.—Austria has been bitterly condemned by some politicians for her recent policy in South-Eastern Europe; and if it were true (as they assert) that she encouraged the Servians to attack the Bulgarians, she would richly deserve all the hard things that are being said about her. But there is not the slightest evidence that she did anything of the kind. The utmost that can be said against her is that she might have peremptorily forbidden King Milan to cross the Bulgarian frontier, and that she did not choose to adopt this course. It is only fair, however, to admit that she was placed in an extremely difficult position. When the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia was proclaimed, the Servians clamoured for "compensation;" and if Austria had prevented them from entering upon the struggle in which they have been so unfortunate, she would have been compelled to sanction an attempt on their part to conquer Old Servia. Then the Greeks would have declared war on Turkey, and the Eastern Question in all its aspects would have been re-opened. For this result Austria might have been praised by the politicians who are now blaming her, but she would certainly not have been praised by the rest of mankind. It cannot, of course, be said that Austria has any reason to be proud of the part she has recently played. That could have been said only if she had contrived to secure the good-will of Bulgaria without losing her hold over Servia. But her action ought not to be criticised

on the assumption that it would have been easy for her, if she had pleased, to satisfy the Servians, and at the same time let the Bulgarians have their way.

THE GREAT DONGOLA SCARE.—Sir Charles Dilke refuses to believe that the Government have any intention of re-occupying Dongola. He only does Lord Salisbury justice. The Prime Minister bears the reputation of sagacity and shrewdness, and it would be neither sagacious nor shrewd, but very much the reverse, to begin that miserable Soudan business over again. The country is sick of the very name, and although it is quite natural that Lord Wolseley should long for another campaign in the land where his laurels were somewhat tarnished, there is not the slightest chance of the present or any other Government acceding to his wish. Had those who set this ridiculous rumour afloat credited Lord Salisbury with considering whether the outposts beyond Wady Halfa should not be withdrawn, they might have gone nearer the mark. We certainly fail to see the profitableness of these advanced posts. Owing to the succession of cataracts intervening between them and Wady Halfa, they are practically cut off from that place by water, while the land route is liable to be interrupted by wandering hordes. Wady Halfa marks the true frontier, and both it and Korosko must always be held in strength. It is urged that they do not present favourable features for fortification. With all deference to those who raise that contention, we have to remind them that a moderately high wall, with a ditch in front, would be strong enough, if properly armed with rifled ordnance and machine guns, to keep at bay any conceivable number of Arabs. Soudanese armies do not carry siege trains with them, nor is the son of the desert fond of knocking his head against walls, either mud or stone.

HINTS FOR FUTURE ELECTIONS.—Recent experiences may teach some useful lessons for future occasions. The voter, in performing a public duty, should be as much as possible spared from needless inconvenience. Therefore, the polling-places should be multiplied, and, in boroughs, the time of voting extended to ten p.m. But why should not the voting be done by the delivery of a ballot-paper at each elector's address? This is the way we vote for vestrymen. Are M.P.'s creatures of such very superior mould to vestrymen that they must be selected in a different and much more troublesome way? But some will say: "This would impair the secrecy of the ballot." As a matter of fact, there is not much secrecy as things now are. Agents unblushingly ask electors how they voted as the latter emerge from the polling-booth, and thereby tempt them—unless the man asked maintains an obstinate silence—either to tell a lie or to disclose what is supposed to be a hidden mystery. To speak plainly, there is a good deal of humbug about this secrecy of the ballot, while at the same time the method of voting which it necessitates enables trickery and deception to be practised by unscrupulous agents on illiterate voters. It does not prevent intimidation, for in Ireland the peasants were driven up like flocks of sheep, recording their suffrages in the presence of their priests, and of the dreaded officers of the National League. As for trickery, if the story about North Dorset be true, the intending voter was informed in an official-looking electioneering circular that his cross would not be legal unless placed against the name of the Liberal candidate. One cannot but admire the combined "cheek" and ingenuity of the inventor of this plausible dodge. Lastly, why should not all the elections be held on one and the same day? Pluralist voters would suffer, but they are neither very numerous, nor much to be pitied. At all events, all the polling might be done between a Monday morning and a Saturday night.

PRUSSIAN ROMAN CATHOLICS.—In Parliament Prince Bismarck still finds it difficult to obtain the support of Clerical deputies; but there are signs that in Prussia generally Roman Catholics would not be unwilling to make their peace with the Government. The other day Dr. Kremetz was enthroned as Archbishop of Cologne; and he owed his elevation to the fact that he had accepted some of the chief provisions of the May Laws. He would hardly have done this if he had not known that his action would be approved by the majority of the Roman Catholics of the Diocese. The struggle between Church and State in Prussia has been one of the most bitter conflicts of modern times, and it is not surprising that many both of the clergy and of the laity are anxious to bring it to an end. It has prevented Prussian Roman Catholics from playing the part which properly belongs to them in the political life of their country, and it has done much injury to their Church, since for years hundreds of important spiritual offices have been vacant. Ecclesiastical Hotspurs protest that the Church ought to have absolute freedom; but that, of course, it cannot have. The Roman Catholic clergy exercise strong political influence; and the State, with which they are officially connected, has a perfect right to take such measures as may be necessary to secure that they shall at least be loyal citizens. In the May Laws in their present form there is nothing which violates true liberty. During the last few years some of the most stringent of the original stipulations have been removed, and those which remain are administered in a comparatively mild and tolerant spirit.

THE HERAT RAILWAY.—It is not very easy to understand why Englishmen should congratulate themselves on having it in their power to establish complete railway communication between the Indian Frontier and European Russia. That, however, seems to be the opinion of Colonel C. E. Stewart, judging from his lecture at the Royal Geographical Society. Our part in this gigantic work would be a mere trifle; nothing more than the construction of a line from Quetta to Herat. All the rest, Russia is in process of accomplishing, of course in the interests of civilisation. While wishing her every success in that lofty enterprise, we are inclined to think that John Bull had better postpone his share of it *sine die*. Sir Henry Rawlinson, who by no means belongs to the "backward" school, expressed an opinion at the end of the lecture that "Herat should be left in the hands of the Afghans." That is precisely our view. By all means, let England help the Ameer to strengthen the great Northern fortress. A great deal has already been done, and we feel perfect confidence that Lord Dufferin will not allow the work to sleep. But after the fortifying business is completed, the defence of the place must depend upon the Afghans themselves. Important as Herat is both from a strategic and a political standpoint, it is no longer the key of India. Were it captured by Russia, her troops would still have a long and most trying march before they neared Candahar, and we see no reason why we should diminish her difficulties by providing her with a ready-made railway. If we have to fight her, the shorter and easier our lines of communication, and the longer and more difficult hers, the better for us. Therefore, let us hasten the completion of the Pishin railway, and even extend it to Candahar later on; but the Afghans may well be left to continue the line to Herat, should they be so minded.

Muzzling the Dogs.—It is fortunate for us that the canine tribe, in spite of their remarkable intelligence, appear to be totally devoid of the power of combination. Otherwise, they would undoubtedly just now make it pretty "hot" for "humans." Their grievance, if eloquently stated at an influential meeting of dogs, would plainly appear to be of a very serious character. Out of the multitude of London dogs an infinitesimally small number have gone mad, whereupon Colonel Henderson, goaded into action by letters of panic-mongers in the newspapers, puts forth a ukase, ordering that every dog shall either be led by a responsible biped, or shall wear a muzzle, or shall be run into the police-station. A muzzle, even of the most approved construction, must be a horrible nuisance. How should we like it, if a tyrannical body of Lunarians were to swoop down on this planet, and insist, because consumption was rife, that every man, woman and child should wear a respirator? Annoying, however, as the muzzle must be, how much worse for a dog moving in genteel society to be seized by the police, and haled off to the Battersea Bastille! There were 7,000 victims there on Tuesday. Surely this is an admirable method for developing and cultivating rabies. We say, therefore, Let this oppressive ukase be withdrawn, and, instead thereof, ordain that every dog shall wear a collar bearing a registered number. This will benefit the revenue, and will be more effectual than the muzzle in reducing the number of masterless dogs.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—Mr. Bradlaugh has declared that when Parliament assembles he proposes once more to offer to take the oath. If he fulfils this intention, it may be hoped that his right will not be disputed by the Conservative party. They opposed him in the last Parliament because he had openly stated that for him the oath was without significance; but now they know nothing officially about his theological or anti-theological opinions, and there can be no reason why he should be treated differently from other members. An Affirmation Bill is to be introduced by Mr. Serjeant Simon, and probably the majority of Englishmen would be well pleased if the measure were quickly passed. If the theological test were real, the Conservatives would be perfectly logical in insisting that it should be compulsory; but no one pretends that it necessarily excludes Atheists. The great majority of those who take the oath accept it in its literal sense; but it has often been taken by members who have interpreted it in a sense of their own. The existing system, therefore, is in some cases a sham, and it is a sham of a peculiarly disagreeable kind. Should the Conservatives reject the Affirmation Bill, they will not even have the consolation of knowing that they have helped to weaken Mr. Bradlaugh's influence. Mr. Bradlaugh is not a very important person; but such importance as he possesses he owes chiefly to the fact that his enemies have made a martyr of him. He will take his true place only when Parliament establishes the principle that public functions are open to all citizens, irrespective of theological creeds.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

On SATURDAY Next the
SPECIAL GRATIS SUPPLEMENT TO BE PRESENTED WITH
THE GRAPHIC
WILL BE A LARGE
PARLIAMENTARY MAP

of the United Kingdom, printed in Colours.
These colours will indicate at a glance where the strength of the great parties lies in any part of the Kingdom, the new County divisions and boroughs are also given, as well as the Name and the Number of Votes polled for each elected member.
The map measures 32 in. by 24 in., and as a work of reference will doubtless be found of great service.

NOTE.—A few copies only are still to be obtained of a similar Map issued on the election of the late Parliament in 1880. It will doubtless be found interesting to many desirous of comparing the results of the elections of the two periods. Price, cost free, 6d.

THE GRAPHIC NOW READY. CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

And containing the following subjects.

PICTURES:

THE CURMUDGEONS' CHRISTMAS,

Illustrated by Eighteen Sketches

BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINCHER. By ADRIEN MARIE.
Ten Sketches by BURTON BARBER.
ECHOES FROM THE NURSERY. By ADRIEN MARIE.
Eight Sketches by ADRIEN MARIE.
REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIME. By ADRIEN MARIE.
Fifteen Sketches by ADRIEN MARIE.
UNITED SERVICE. By W. SMALL, R.I.

TIRED OUT. By ADRIEN MARIE.
A RAID ON THE DESERT. Double-page, by E. K. JOHNSON, R.W.S.
BRITANNIA AND HER BOYS. By G. DURAND.

THE PRESENTATION PLATE

COMPRISES TWO SUBJECTS—

"DOWN" AND "UP,"

BY W. L. THOMAS, R.I.

The Size of each Picture is 4½ by 16½ inches.

The Literary Portion consists of a Story by Mrs. WOLFORD, Authoress of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," &c., entitled

"THE HISTORY OF A WEEK,"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. SMALL, R.I.

Price ONE SHILLING. Parcels Postage, 3d. extra.
An ÉDITION DE LUXE is also issued. Price ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. Parcels Post, 3d. extra.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "AN ENGLISH ARTIST IN BURMA," drawn and engraved by W. H. Titcomb.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST.—This (Saturday) evening, at a quarter to 8 o'clock.—FAUST, adapted and arranged by W. G. Wills from the first part of Goethe's Tragedy, will be produced this SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 19. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Martha, Mrs. Stirling; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Daily from Ten to Five. Seats booked a month in advance, either by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. RE-OPEN ON BOXING DAY AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS at Eight. ANDY BLAKE. Followed by (at Nine) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). MATINEE OF GREAT PINK PEARL, SATURDAY NEXT (Boxing Day), at Three. Proceeded by ANDY BLAKE, at Two. Doors open at 1.45. Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The Management has the honour to announce that the above theatre will RE-OPEN SATURDAY, Jan. 2, on which date Mr. Barrington's play, NADJEZDA, will be produced. The Booking Office will be open daily as usual.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight, the new play, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Estlake, Mesdames Hunter, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices:—Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Box Office 9 to 12. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.—MORNING PERFORMANCE OF HOODMAN BLIND EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Doors open 1.30.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—BOXING DAY, Dec. 26th.—Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S NATIONAL HOLIDAY FESTIVAL CONCERT, at 4.30. Madame Albani and Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley, Miss Mary Beare, Miss Frances Harrison, Miss Meredith Elliott, Flute, Mr. Svendsen. Harp, Mr. John Thomas, (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen). The London Select Choir (Conductor, Mr. T. W. Cousins). The Band of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, (Bandmaster, Mr. T. W. Graves). Conductors, Mr. SYDNEY NAYLOR and Signor BISACCIA. Boxes £1 1s. to £3 3s. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s., at Royal Albert Hall, usual agents and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL SERIES OF HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES.
Will begin on BOXING DAY, DEC. 26, FOR WHICH A GIGANTIC PROGRAMME HAS BEEN IN ACTIVE REHEARSAL for many weeks past, and WILL SURPASS IN EXCELLENCE ALL PREVIOUS TRIUMPHS of this World-famed Company. PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN EVERY DAY AND EVERY NIGHT throughout the holidays. FIVE THOUSAND SEATS in the most beautiful and luxurious hall in Europe. Places can now be booked for every performance a month in advance at Austin's office, St. James's Hall. No fees for booking.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The WINTER EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, 5, PALL MALL EAST, From Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRID, R.W.S., Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM" and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are on VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168 New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW
TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER.
THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER.
THE EMPTY SADDLE. S. E. WALLER.
NOT WORTH POWDER AND SHOT. J. C. DOLLMAN.
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA. SIR F. LEIGHTON.
THE CAPTIVE. SIR E. MILLAIS.
THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER.
THE OLD GATE. F. WALKER.
HARD HIT. W. Q. ORCHARDSON. 21s.
&c., &c., &c.

N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.
GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of SAVOY STREET.

JAPANESE IN LONDON (Under Royal Patronage). Open daily from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Performances free at 12, 3, and 8 o'clock in the New Shebaya, built to accommodate fifteen hundred persons. The Japanese Village, entirely remodelled and rebuilt on a new and fireproof system. Military and other Bands. Admission One Shilling. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown. Originator and Managing Director, TANNAKER D'HERCULAN.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS—LONDON, BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Dec. 23rd, 24th, and 25th will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 29th, except those issued for a less distance than 10 miles.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT—EXTRA TRAINS. December 23rd and 24th.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 5.0 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helen's, Bournemouth, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on the 24th to Cowes and Newport also (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
CHRISTMAS DAY.—Extra Fast Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 and 8.25 a.m., to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 and 7.30 a.m.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.—A Special Train will leave London Bridge at Midnight Thursday, December 24th, for Redhill, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London B.R. Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent.

The Company's West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.
Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road.
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 122, Strand.
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.
Letts and Co., 33, King William Street, City.
Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove.
Jenkins, "The Red Cap," 5, Camden Road.

Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. These Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

For further Particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order)

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR

THE CAPTURE OF PIROT

TAKING up the thread of our illustrated history of the campaign chronologically, we must refer first to the sketches of our Bulgarian artist, M. Piotrowski, whom we left last week encamped on the Servo-Bulgarian frontier with Prince Alexander's victorious army, after the Battle of Tsaribrod on November 23rd. On November 25th the outposts were pushed forward, and preparations made, as one of our illustrations shows, for the bombardment of the Servian position. On the 26th, Prince Alexander, with 50,000 men, crossed the frontier, and a severe battle was fought before Pirot, which was evacuated in the evening by the Servians, who blew up the arsenal when leaving, but still maintained their positions on some of the surrounding heights. Thence during the night they made a sudden descent upon Pirot, and retook the town. Next morning the battle was renewed, both sides fighting with great courage and vigour from six o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, Servians and Bulgarians bayonetting each other in the streets. Ultimately victory rested with the Bulgarians, the Servians, who occupied fortified positions on the heights to the right and left of the town, being driven from their positions, and forced to fall back on Nisch. The heights on the left were first abandoned, the fight being prolonged on those on the right. Eventually the Bulgarians, charging the enemy with the bayonet, forced them to retire in disorder, and Prince Alexander remained complete master of Pirot and the neighbourhood. The losses on both sides appear to have been exceedingly heavy.

Mr. Villiers, our artist with the Servians, writes regarding this engagement: "Pirot had been a bone of contention between the Servians and Bulgarians for nearly three days, when on Friday, the 27th, it finally fell into the hands of the Bulgarians by an act of strategy on their part. Having driven the enemy out of the town, which lies commanded by the surrounding hills, they left it to strengthen their position on one of the heights. The Servians, seeing the town evacuated, immediately began to re-enter. This they did without molestation, till suddenly the Bulgarians shelled them from their dominant position, and poured a large number of troops into the streets. A more or less hand-to-hand fight took place, when at last the Servians were routed. The Servians retired towards Bela Palanka and Nisch. Pirot being in reality a Bulgarian town, the inhabitants assisted the assailants by firing from the windows on the Servians, which added greatly to their confusion."

THE SECOND CLASS RESERVES MARCHING TO THE FRONT

MR. VILLIERS writes, on December 5th, "The armistice has allowed the Servians breathing time after their recent disasters, to bring up the reserves. Large bodies are drafted daily on to the front. They have no uniform, and only wear their peasant dress, and a miscellaneous kit and accoutrements which give them a most ragged and picturesque appearance. I saw about 7,000 of these *en route* for Pirot. To each thousand men there was only one regular officer in uniform, and he was mounted; the rest were in civil attire of the seediest description, armed with cavalry swords, horse-pistols, and revolvers. The men carried a fairly good weapon—a converted muzzle-loader. After the first three regiments had passed, a band of six or eight musicians, enlisted from some *cafés* in Nisch, straggled in front of the standard-bearer, who was a fine-looking lad decorated with a wreath of leaves round his lamb-skin bonnet and a belt of the same green stuff across his body."

WAITING FOR THE WOUNDED

"My sketch of 'Waiting for the Wounded' shows the train conveying the wounded from Nisch to Belgrade, which is anxiously looked for at the intermediate stations by the peasant womankind for their sons and husbands who, as wounded, may have fortunately returned from the front. The grief of these poor people when informed by some comrade that the object of their anxiety had found a last resting-place on the Slivniza heights was most touching to witness. The Servians seem to have gone to war with little regard as to the probability of many of their troops being wounded, so for want of immediate accommodation many very bad cases were sent straight to their homes, and are now no doubt lying festering without any medical attendance."

WOUNDED WAITING FOR THE TRAIN AT NISCH

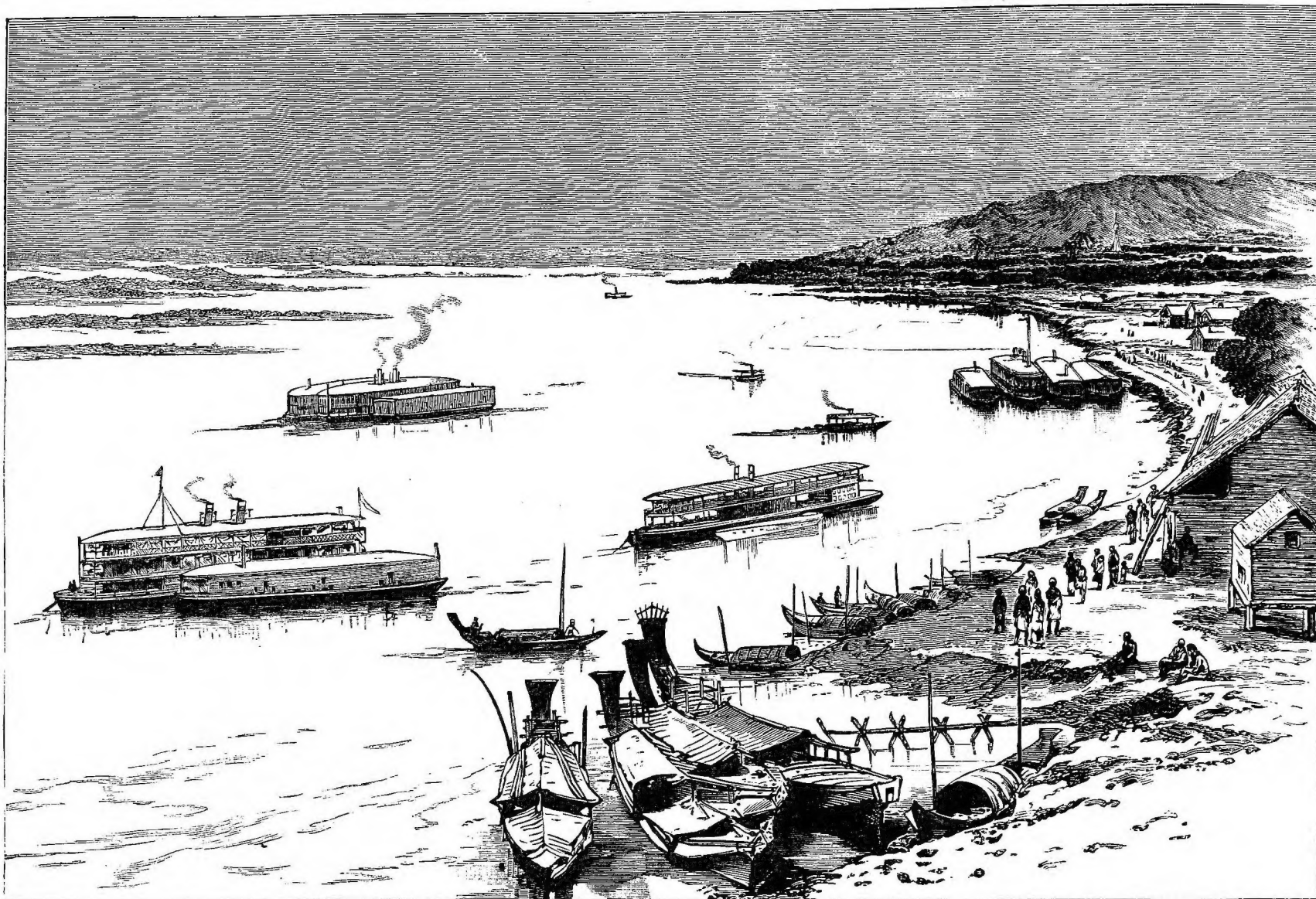
"THE sight at the railway terminus at Nisch for the last few days has been enough to make the most ardent warrior wish for peace. I hope my sketch will explain itself."

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA AT WORK

"AMONG the many Red Cross Societies now at work in Servia," continues Mr. Villiers, "the most conspicuous is that of the Austrian Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta. This Society has furnished a train of twenty carriages fitted up in the most complete manner

Thooreah (11th Bengal Regt.) Yankeentoun (Liverpool Regt.)

Captured Burmese Steamer

Aloungprah (Welsh Fusiliers)
Thambyadine (The General and Staff)

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST KING THEEBAW OF BURMA—THE IRRAWADDY FLOTILLA COMPANY'S STEAMERS AT THAYETMYO READY FOR THE ADVANCE ON MANDALAY, NOV. 14



THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA—BULGARIAN TROOPS CARRYING A HEIGHT OCCUPIED BY THE SERVIAN RIGHT WING DURING THE BATTLE OF PIROT, NOVEMBER 27

FROM A SKETCH BY M. ANTOINE PIOTROWSKI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIANS



THE WAR BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA—THE LAST FIGHT FOR PIROT, NOVEMBER 27
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SERBIANS

for the conveyance of wounded, and are doing the Servians essential service by taking away their sick and wounded from Nisch. This particular train was used for a similar purpose during the late insurrection in Bosnia. It generally consists of fifteen carriages—ten reserved for wounded, one used for the doctor's quarters and dispensary, another for a store and ice-house, and another is fitted as a kitchen in which a Viennese cook and his assistants reside. There is also a special car for the Commander and Knights Superintendents of the train. The gentlemen who have devoted themselves to this special service are Prince Lichnowsky (the Grand Prior), Prince Lichtenstein (his adjutant), Count d'Harnoucourt, Baron Wallerskirchen, and the Baron Mundy. In each car there is an attendant male nurse, and two doctors are in continual attendance throughout the journey. I went down to Nisch with this interesting Society to watch their operations. Though a telegram had been sent to acquaint them of our coming, the Servian authorities, with that indifference which they seem to have inherited from the Turk, were rather astonished at our arrival. The wounded were suddenly lugged out of the hospitals of the town and collected at the station. We had arrived at one o'clock in the afternoon—it was not till dusk that the first batch of wounded arrived; therefore the shifting to the train had to be conducted by the light of torches. It was a most weird and ghastly sight. The glare and flicker of the torches shone on the pain-stricken faces of the blood-stained wounded, some borne on stretchers or in blankets, others carried on the backs of comrades, or limping painfully by themselves till within the province of the Ritter's train, when the most gentle aid was given. Placed in comfortable cots and covered with warm blankets, first of all cigarettes and cigars were handed round to those who cared to smoke, and very few refused. Before the train started on its journey, soup, bread, and meat were taken round to each man. Many poor fellows had to be coaxed to take the nourishment; the good-natured manner in which this was done by the attendants was indeed pleasing to see. There are ten men in each carriage, and a nurse who regulates the temperature of the car and watches the patients throughout the journey. There is an alarm signal in each car, and in a case of collapse the doctor is on the spot immediately. One poor fellow died *en route*, but the rest were safely landed at Belgrade after eight hours' journey."

LIEUTENANT DURY

LIEUTENANT ROBERT ASHTON THEODORE DURY, the only officer killed in the assault on Minhla, was the youngest of a long line of soldiers. His father, T. H. Dury, Esq., of Bonsal Leys, Derbyshire, was formerly in the Hussars, and his ancestors for several generations back had served in the army. The family is of Huguenot origin. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685, the family had to fly for refuge to this country, and their property in Picardy was confiscated. Lieutenant Dury was in his twenty-third year. He only entered the army a little over two years ago as a subaltern in the South Wales Borderers, the second battalion of which regiment is now quartered in Madras. Lieutenant Dury had become a probationer for the Bengal Staff Corps, and hence his presence in Burma with the 11th Bengal Native Infantry, to which he was attached.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Angle and Co., 11, High Street, Colchester.

SIR RALPH GOSSET

THE late Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons died on November 27th, at the Wick, Richmond Hill, from congestion of the lungs, after a few days' illness. He had been in the service of the House for more than forty-nine years, and retired at the end of last Session, when, in recognition of his merits, he was made a K.C.B. His father, Sir William Gosset, held the same office for thirty years, and his son, the subject of the present notice, became Assistant-Serjeant under his father in 1836. In 1854 he was promoted to be Deputy-Serjeant, and in 1875 to be Serjeant-at-Arms. In this position he fulfilled his duties with unvarying courtesy, tact, and good humour. Occasionally he had some awkward tasks to perform, as, for example, when Irish members had been named, and requested to withdraw, or as when, on August 3rd, 1881, Mr. Bradlaugh attempted to enter the House, from which a resolution had shut him out. When Sir R. Gosset signified to the House his intention of retiring, members of all parties, Liberals, Conservatives, and Parnellites, united to sing his praises, and a fund was collected for the purpose of making him a substantial testimonial. It was considered in the House a great privilege to be invited to his private room, where everything was discussed except politics. His figure has been made familiar to the public by the well-known representation of the beetle in *Punch*.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE NEW PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, was born September 28th, 1824, and educated at Charterhouse, and Balliol College, Oxford. He afterwards became a Fellow of Exeter College. He was for five years Vice-Principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters at Kneller Hall, was afterwards appointed to a post in the Educational Department of the Privy Council, and for some years was Private Secretary to Earl Granville. He is an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh. Mr. Palgrave has published several volumes of poems ("Lyrical Poems" and "The Visions of England" among them) and prose works, but he is, perhaps, best known to the general public as the editor of the admirable "Golden Treasury of English Songs" (1861). He has since made similar selections from Herrick, Keats, and Lord Tennyson. Recently the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford became vacant through the death of Principal Shairp (whose immediate predecessors were Sir Francis Doyle and Mr. Matthew Arnold), and Mr. Palgrave became one of the candidates for the post. One of his competitors was the Rev. R. W. Dixon, Canon of Carlisle, a learned Church historian, and author of several volumes of quaint romantic verse. This gentleman, however, retired before the contest took place. Mr. W. J. Courthope, the third candidate, wrote an essay at Oxford on the genius of Spenser, which won the prize, and has since written several volumes of bright and melodious Aristophanic verse, and, quite lately, a book called "The Liberal Movement in English Literature." The voting took place in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Monday, November 26th, when Mr. Palgrave received 307 votes, against 247 recorded in favour of Mr. Courthope.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE IRRAWADDY FLOTILLA

WHEN King Theebaw defied the British power he must have been unable to realise how completely his metropolis, Mandalay, was at the mercy of any resolute invader who held the lower reaches of the River Irrawaddy, and had the sea as a base from whence to draw unlimited supplies. London would be in a similarly awkward position in the presence of a hostile force holding the counties of Kent and Essex, and possessed of a fleet capable of steaming up to London Bridge. All the lower part of the Irrawaddy lies within British territory, and Thayetmyo, where the expeditionary force was concentrated, is only about twelve miles from the frontier. Meadway, the last town in British Burmah, is eight miles above Thayetmyo, and the frontier line crosses the Irrawaddy about five miles above Meadway. The expeditionary squadron, as represented in our engraving, consisted of five steamers belonging to the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, drawing flats after them, and of the Government steamer *Irrawaddy*, which is used by the Chief Commis-

sioner of British Burmah in his official tours, the launch *Kathleen*, and the *Thanbyadine*. The steam-launch *Argo* capsized, and was lost. Two native sailors were drowned, and two European officers were rescued with much difficulty. The first operations of the expedition were to attack a battery at Mlat and a stockade at Sinboingway. Only a feeble resistance was offered, and both these positions had been abandoned when a column of troops which had been landed for the purpose of attacking them took possession of them. Kuligon, the strongest Burmese fort on the river, was seen to be crowded with men, and was expected to make a vigorous resistance, but after being heavily shelled the British column entered without opposition, the garrison escaping from the other side. At Minhla the resistance was of a much more stubborn character. Here a smart artillery duel took place, the Burmese fighting their guns with much determination. Our casualties amounted to about twenty. Lieutenant Dury (whose biography we give elsewhere) was the only officer killed. The *Kathleen*, which had previously captured one of King Theebaw's steamers, with 200 men on board, was nearly destroyed by the explosion of a ruined barge, fired by Italian engineers in the pay of the King. Of the further progress of the expedition up to Mandalay it is unnecessary to speak here.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. T. Ricketts Morse, Surgeon, Medical Staff, Thayetmyo.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN,

See page 673.

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN INDIA—GOING HOME AFTER DINNER

THIS engraving represents a party of people going home at night, after a tennis and dinner party, in an Indian Hill station.

Totally unconscious of the nearness of the tiger in the scrub jungle below the road, they follow the coolie with the lantern in blissful ignorance of their danger, while Stripes looks with longing eyes at the fat little horsekeeper, who comes last, and is probably considering what a good supper he could make off him.

The lady is a perfect bundle of wraps, put on over her evening dress, for the night air is cool, and the heavy Indian dew is falling. Her two companions present rather an odd appearance in dress clothes and sun topees, carrying the tennis bats they have used during the afternoon games.

We have no doubt our friends will reach home safely in spite of the tiger, for though he is ready enough to pounce upon any stray coolie he may meet, will seldom (unless himself attacked) meddle with a party of people with lights, even though they cross his path when on his nightly prowling.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mrs. Munro, Peer Merde, near Travancore.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

See page 677.

"AN ENGLISH ARTIST IN BURMA"

See pp. 681 *et seqq.*

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 685.

ICE YACHTING ON THE DELAWARE RIVER, U.S.A.

THE sketch from which our engraving is taken was made on the Delaware River, ten miles above Philadelphia. The construction of these "vessels" is modelled on those of the Hudson, which is the great centre of ice-yachting in America. The forward runners are 4 feet 4 inches long; the after one, or rudder, is 2 feet 9 inches. They are shod with a heavy shoe of cast iron, ground to a sharp angle to prevent leeway. Steel runners have been given up as too hard. When the ice is clear and hard, the runners need to be very sharp, so that a finger-nail can be fluffed on the edge; but on snow-ice, or during thawing weather, the yacht makes much more speed with the runners somewhat dulled, which is done with emery-paper, and, when desired, can be brought back to an edge with a file. Steel is too hard to allow of these rapid changes. These yachts carry much heavier canvas than an ocean-going yacht of the same length, and the sails are double-bighted to give the necessary stiffness, and all the gear needs to be of the very strongest. The mast and bowsprit are stayed by iron or steel shrouds "set up taut." In sailing, the windward runner has a tendency to leave the ice, and throw the whole weight and strain on the lee runner, which the skipper counteracts by putting the greenest member of his crew on the runner plank for ballast. The victim hangs on like grim death, while he is whirled along at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour; and, if it is his first trip, he would give something to be safe at home. But the sensation wears off in time, and then he cannot go too fast, but always wants to be moving at cannon-ball speed, and his greatest delight is to lie in wait for a through-express train and beat it out of sight. On the Hudson River the sport has been brought under definite rules and regulations, and a number of clubs and a fleet of yachts compete annually for "The Challenge Pennant of America." Outside clubs have attempted to win it; but the Hudson still holds its own. It is held at present by the *Haze*, Mr. Aaron Inness, of the Poughkeepsie Club. The Delaware being farther south, ice is not always a certainty; but there are a few clubs and a number of handsome yachts. The fundamental idea in building these boats is to get the greatest strength with the least possible amount of timbering.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Joseph Lippincott Foster, Haddonfield, New Jersey, U.S.A.

"HB."—In Part III. of our "Electioneering in the Old Days," p. 628, the writer, Mr. Joseph Grego, implies that the pencil of "HB" (the elder Doyle) could be secured by persons desirous of having electioneering caricatures executed. Mr. Grego evidently wrote under a misapprehension, as the following letter, which we have received from Mr. James E. Doyle, will show:—"It is not the fact that 'the elder Doyle' ever, in any sense of the words, 'enlisted under McLean's standard,' or that he would, for any 'consideration,' have been induced to do the discreditable kind of work described by Mr. Grego. Mr. McLean was my father's publisher, not his employer, and he never had the slightest influence over his work. It would, indeed, be more correct to say that 'McLean enlisted under the banner of HB,' for the artist, by his success and by his advice, lifted the publisher from the somewhat low level at which he found him to an equality with the first men in the print-selling business in London. The main object with my father in carefully preserving his *incognito* was to protect himself against personal influence of any kind. One example will sufficiently show how he regarded attempts of another sort. A noted manufacturer and advertiser once wrote to 'HB,' offering him his own terms if he would bring the vendor's name and commodities into one or more of the 'sketches.' No moral harm would have been done if the offer had been accepted; but, as a matter of course, it was simply ignored, and long afterwards cited as an instance of 'astounding impudence.' And yet, such being his character and views, he is now supposed to have been capable of hiring his talents, at the bidding of a tradesman, to make individuals 'odious or ridiculous.'—Mr. Seymour, son of the first illustrator of the 'Pickwick Papers,' also writes to say that his father's name was Robert, not George, as stated by Mr. Grego, and to disclaim the implication that he was in the habit of furnishing electioneering squibs to order. Mr. Seymour adds that he can only trace one example by his father of work done for election purposes."



THE CABINET, at its meeting on Monday, resolved that the Government should "meet Parliament and take the earliest opportunity of ascertaining whether they have the confidence of the House of Commons." A *communiqué* thus worded appeared in the newspapers on Tuesday morning. During the interval before Parliament reassembles an authoritative and more or less detailed programme of the legislative policy of the Government will, it is expected, be communicated to the country.

SIR CHARLES DILKE has again indicated that the Government may, under certain circumstances, receive support from the advanced section of the Liberal party. At a meeting held to welcome Mr. Joseph Leicester, the glass-blower and labour candidate, on his election for West Ham, and to hear an address from him on temperance, Sir Charles intimated with tolerable distinctness that he had no desire to see the Liberals return to office while they did not, as at present, possess an absolute majority in the House of Commons. By remaining in opposition as an enormously strong minority they would be able, he thought, not only to prevent the Government from doing any harm, but to shape its legislation in a Liberal sense. Should the Liberals return to office without an absolute majority their legislation would be pared away, whereas if the Government were allowed to remain he expected from it measures based very much on the lines of Mr. Gladstone's programme.—A recent speech of Mr. Richard Chamberlain, M.P., a brother and supporter of the ex-President of the Board of Trade, has on this account excited some surprise, as in it he intimated in effect that, regard being had to Mr. Parnell's attitude and intentions, party should be subordinated to patriotism, and that he was disposed to support the Government so long as it abstains from proposing reactionary measures.

LORD TENNYSON, in thanking Mr. Bosworth Smith for a collection of his letters against Disestablishment, declares his opinion to be that "the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church would prelude the downfall of much that is greatest and best in England." The Laureate also expresses a wish that "some of our prominent politicians who look to America as their ideal might borrow from her an equivalent to that Conservatively restrictive provision under the fifth article of her Constitution." This, he believes, "would be a great safeguard to our own in these days of ignorant and reckless theorists." The article thus referred to by Lord Tennyson enacts, if we mistake not, that any proposed amendment of the Constitution must be submitted for the adoption or rejection of each of the States forming the Union, and cannot become law unless it is approved by three-fourths of them. In a speech delivered before the introduction of the Franchise Bill, Lord Salisbury directed attention to this remarkable provision in the written Constitution of the United States.

MR. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., seems to be regaining strength at Torquay.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH "inaugurated" this week a "Dames' Branch" of the "Hampstead (Pitt) Habitation of the Primrose League," at a meeting presided over by Sir Henry Holland, M.P., who, on opening the proceedings, congratulated her Grace on the fact that the establishment of the League was due to her son, Lord Randolph Churchill. In the course of her address the Duchess of Marlborough declared it to be impossible for any one who has watched the Elections with intelligent interest not to acknowledge that the Primrose League is capable of becoming a great power in the State. At Birmingham she herself had seen how great a relief it was to a candidate to have a band of voluntary canvassers working for him with a zeal which no paid services could secure.

A PEERAGE, with the title of Baron Montagu of Beaulieu, has been conferred on Lord Henry Scott, who is a younger brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and resigned in June last year his seat for South Hants, which he had represented since 1868. Peerages of the United Kingdom have been conferred on two Scotch Peers, Lord Elphinstone, who has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen; and Lord Colville of Culross, Chairman of the Great Northern Railway, who has been Her Majesty's Chief Equerry and Master of the Buckhounds, and is Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales. All three noblemen, of course, belong to the Conservative party.

AN INTERESTING PAPER on the Herat Valley and the Persian Border was read at the meeting this week of the Royal Geographical Society, by Colonel Stewart, who dwelt on the strategical, and therefore political, importance of the beautiful and fertile Herat Valley, as the only region in that part of Central Asia where a large force could be provisioned, and as one which would give to any great Power possessing it a most commanding influence in Afghanistan and Persia. He expressed his belief that nothing would so much insure peace and quietness in Central Asia as our continuing the Quetta line of railway to Herat, concluding with the remark that railway-making in Central Asia had been greatly facilitated by the discovery of almost unlimited supplies of fuel, in the form of petroleum.

"ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA" was the subject of a lecture delivered on Wednesday at the Royal United Service Institution by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, the well-known traveller and author, who dwelt earnestly on the danger threatened by Russia's designs on India and China, and recommended an alliance between England, China, and Japan as powers which, with a common policy, would form a combination capable of absolutely guaranteeing the peace of Asia. Mr. Colquhoun spoke again the same evening at the Society of Arts in support of the views advanced by Mr. Hallett, who then and there read a paper on "Burma: Present and Future," in which he gave a description of Upper and British Burma, and repeated his arguments in favour of establishing railway communication between India and Western China through Burma.

IRELAND.—Outrages by Moonlighters and the boycotting of landlords who ask for their rents, of tenants who pay them, and of the caretakers of farms from which tenants have been evicted, pursue their normal melancholy and monotonous course. To these have been added during the week two crimes of deeper than the usual dye. One such caretaker, named Rahilly, in the County Kerry, was foully murdered as he was returning home on Sunday afternoon from attending mass. He was waylaid and attacked from behind, felled to the ground, and his head completely battered in by his brutal and cowardly assailants.—In the other case an attempt was made to blow up Ballinagar House, the residence of a Mrs. Lewis, who, having been denounced because she would not grant an abatement of rent, was under police protection. Early on Sunday morning she and her family and household were thrown into consternation by the noise of an explosion which shook the walls of the mansion from basement to roof. On investigation the whole front of the house was found to have been blown away by dynamite, and everything about it wrecked. Very fortunately the sleeping apartments were in a different part of the mansion, and none of its inmates were injured.—Bailiffs who attempt to serve writs continue to be brutally assaulted, and cattle seized for non-payment of rent to be rescued by mobs far outnumbering the constabulary available in any one district. In some cases, when the bailiffs arrive to seize the cattle, they find that the advice to clear their stock off the ground recently given to the people by more than one Nationalist M.P. has been acted on, and not a head of cattle is anywhere to be found.

THE LIVES OF TWELVE PERSONS, several of them children, were lost in a fire which broke out after midnight on Sunday in a tenement crowded with tenants of a humble class, and situated in the very heart of old Plymouth. The front of the house was soon ablaze, and the flames were so fierce that no fireman could enter, and the fire-escape was useless. Some of the survivors escaped by a ladder which had been left in the court at the back of the house; others by flinging themselves, or if children, by being flung from the windows, several of them receiving most serious injuries from the fall. At the coroner's inquest on the bodies of the victims, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

OUR OBITUARY chronicles the death, in his seventy-fourth year, suddenly, of Sir Arthur Phayre, the first British Chief-Commissioner of British Burmah, a responsible post, in discharging the duties of which, from 1860 to 1867, he displayed great administrative ability, and from 1874 to 1878 Governor of the Mauritius; in his forty-third year, very suddenly, of Sir H. Crawford-Pollock, Bart., who, previously a Captain in the Renfrewshire Militia, served during the American Civil War in the 5th United States Cavalry; at the advanced age of ninety-seven, of Mr. W. L. Slater, of Haddington House, Hampshire, an active magistrate of his county, for nearly fifty years Chairman of the Basingstoke division, and for more than forty Chairman of the Basing Board of Guardians, father of Mr. Slater-Booth, M.P., who succeeds to his estates, and of Mr. P. L. Slater, secretary of the Zoological Society of London; in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. David Cox, who, the son of the famous water-colour painter of the same name, and himself an artist, began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1827, and some twenty-one years later was elected an Associate Exhibitor of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; in his fifty-third year, of Mr. Edwin Brown, assistant-chemist to the War Department, whose services of nearly thirty years in the chemical establishment at Woolwich Arsenal were very useful, especially in connection with improvements in the manufacture of gun-cotton and other explosives; in his seventy-seventh year of the Very Rev. Jeffrey Lefroy, Dean of Dromore; in his sixty-ninth year of the Very Rev. William Christie, for more than a quarter of a century Dean of Moray and Banff, editor of a collection of Scottish airs and ballads; in his ninetieth year of the Rev. Thomas Toiler, the oldest minister in the Congregational body, who succeeded his father (well-known in religious literature) as Independent minister at Kettering in 1824, a charge which he held for more than fifty-four years; and, in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev. Charles Kirtland, a well-known Baptist minister, who began his career more than half a century ago as a City Missionary in London. After further labours, Missionary and Ministerial, he was appointed in 1865 Secretary to the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission, which post he resigned in 1874 to accept the Pastorate of York Road Chapel, Battersea. Retiring from the ministry in 1883, Mr. Kirtland, who was a frequent contributor to periodical literature, published two works entitled respectively, "Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland," and "The Homes of the Baptist Missionary Society."

THE KILIMA-NJARO EXPEDITION*

CENTRAL AFRICA has afforded of late years a fertile field for explorers, and a fair-sized library has been written, detailing their adventures and discoveries. Few travellers, however, can tell their tale so gracefully as Mr. H. H. Johnston, who has invested what otherwise might have been a dry record of a six-months' scientific expedition to Kilima-njaro with an interest engrossing alike to the geographer, the zoologist, and the general reader. The great snow mountain of Central Africa is but 175 miles from the coast as the crow flies, but to reach it all the perils of African travel have to be encountered, while the district itself is divided into numerous petty kingdoms, each more or less at war with one another, and all suspicious of the "white man," whom they consider must either be a slave-hunter or a sorcerer. Mr. Johnston, however, with unflinching tact and good humour always appears to have conciliated these savage potentates, and, by dint of judicious presents and clever diplomacy, to have secured their respect and assistance during his sojourn. While, however, the accounts of his settlement on the mountain under the fostering care of avaricious King Mandara, of his stay at Taveita, where he became so general a favourite, of his final settlement at an altitude of 10,000 feet in the territory of the cruel and greedy Somiriali, of his two attempted ascents of the snow-capped peak, are full of thrilling interest, the chief charm in this book will lie in the intense sympathy Mr. Johnston shows with all nature. Despatched by the British Association and the Royal Geographical Society to investigate the flora and fauna of the mountain, Mr. Johnston does not regard flowers and animals merely as subjects for scientific research, but treats them lovingly, describing the former with the eye of an artist, and descending on the habits of the latter as amusingly and tenderly as though the mantle of the late Frank Buckland had descended upon him. It is quite refreshing to find an African traveller, in the midst of unlimited sport, whose first and sole idea is not to make an unprecedented "bag." Mr. Johnston shows no less sympathy with the human specimens whom he meets, while the picturesque description of the little villages he built for himself and his followers on the slopes of Kilima-njaro—which he terms the future sanatorium of Eastern Africa—makes the reader yearn to hie away from the madding crowd, engage his faithful head man Kiongwe, and found a patriarchal colony forthwith. For the more scientific mind Mr. Johnston has provided some two hundred pages of appendix, where, carefully tabulated, will be found the result of his observations on the climate, geology, botany, anthropology, and language of the Kilima-njaro district. Nor is the commercially-inclined reader neglected, as a final chapter on the prospects of Eastern Equatorial Africa will afford much information and a good deal of food for reflection to the omnivorous trader. Our readers will doubtless remember the illustrated accounts of Mr. Johnston's sojourn at Kilima-njaro which formed the supplements of *The Graphic* for some weeks in June and July last, and will not fail to enjoy the amplified and complete story of his expedition which he has now put forth to the world.



THEATRES

THE theatrical anti-cyclone which ordinarily precedes Christmas has set in during the past week in a marked manner. DRURY LANE is closed to make way for the pantomime preparation. THE GAITEY season practically closed last night; for, though this evening the interesting Indian Troupe will here make their first appearance in England, they will retire to the OPERA COMIQUE on Monday, leaving the Gaiety stage free for the revival of the forthcoming burlesque drama of *Jack Sheppard*, which will be due on Boxing Day. THE HAYMARKET will also remain closed next week, and, indeed, until Saturday, the 2nd of January, when Mr. Barrymore's

* "The Kilima-njaro Expedition," a Record of Scientific Exploration in Eastern Equatorial Africa. By H. H. Johnston, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

play is to see the light. The performances at the ADELPHI, where Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new nautical drama, *Harbour Lights*, is understood to be taxing all the energies of scene-painters, carpenters, and stage machinists, have for some days been suspended. On the other hand, the Christmas season may be said to have already commenced, since this evening the temporarily-closed doors of the Lyceum will be thrown wide to receive the great army of "first-nighters" eager to witness the production of Mr. Wills's version of *Faust*, with Miss Ellen Terry as Margaret, Mr. Irving as Mephistopheles, and Mrs. Stirling as Martha. Rumour, who we need hardly say is an infallible authority in such matters, declares that no less than fifteen thousand pounds have been spent upon the views of old Nuremberg, the scenic marvels of the Hartz Mountain, the costumes, and the properties of this play—not forgetting the peal of bells of massive form which at a cost of 400l. have been cast for the occasion. This it will be noted is not the first time that Mr. Irving's fame has been associated with "bells." Let us hope that their prosperous associations may gather strength on this occasion, and that their tintinnabulations (Polonius would no doubt have approved the word) may find agreeable echoes in the clinking of the coin in that little window in the vestibule, through which the genial countenance of Mr. Hurst has so long been familiar to the patrons of the Lyceum.

The report that Mrs. Bancroft had determined to embrace the Roman Catholic faith is confirmed by the announcement of the formal reception of this lady into the Roman Catholic Communion in the presence of her husband and sisters, and a small company of friends, at the Church of St. Peter and St. Edward, Pimlico, on Saturday last. *The World* informs us that the altar steps were covered with an extremely handsome carpet, "the gift of Mrs. Bancroft;" and that the lady wore "an every-day black satin and crimson velvet gown, a fur-lined cloak, and no bonnet."

A correspondent who, as a dramatic critic of a London daily paper, has had some experience in dramatic matters, writes to us from Paris, regarding the new play *Georgette*. "Sardou's new play at the VAUDEVILLE is a failure. It is simply Dumas the younger at second-hand, and something worse. This the Parisian public will not stand even from M. Sardou. The monotonous regularity of the applause of the 'claqueurs' on the third night when I saw it, was in ominous contrast with the chilling attitude of the audience, properly so-called."

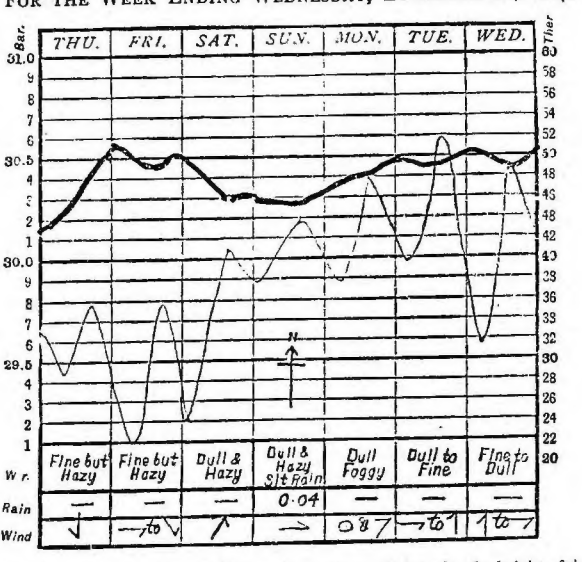
Mr. Hollingshead, whose ledgers, as everybody knows, are always open to the inspection of the curious, has published a statement that illustrates very forcibly the substantial nature of the patronage which is nowadays forthcoming for the support of theatrical enterprise. Like Bentham's ideal "Temple of Justice," the GAITEY never closes; or if it does it makes up for this with such an extensive record of *matinées* that its performances have certainly been quite as numerous as there are working days in each year. It is just seventeen years since this popular house was built, and opened under its present management, and we are told that the gross receipts during that time have amounted to 675,000l., or an average of 40,000l. a year. This year, says Mr. Hollingshead, "the receipts have been slightly under those of 1884; but in spite of the depression of trade, the election fever, and other opposing forces, they have been above the receipts of the years 1870, 1874, 1875, and 1877." When it is considered that the Gaiety is only one of some forty London theatres these facts and figures are sufficiently significant.

Mr. Maddison Morton's farcical comedy at TOOLE'S Theatre is a great success. In humble imitation of Mr. Augustus Harris's practice of publishing certificates of approval from distinguished military officers, Mr. Toole announces in his playbills that "General Opinion" and "General Rumour" have expressed their satisfaction with his programme, which includes Mr. Burnand's amusing burlesque *The O'Dora*.

THE EMPIRE Theatre reopens on Monday, under the direction of Mr. De Chastelaine, with the comic opera of *Bille Taylor* and a pantomimic piece called *Hurly Burly*, in which the Boisset troupe will appear.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1885.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of the past week the weather has changed from severe frost at its opening to milder conditions generally during the closing days of the period. On Thursday (10th inst.) pressure was highest (30.5 inches) off our Western Coasts, and lowest near the Baltic, so that Northerly winds were very general over our islands, with snow on the East Coast of England, but fine cold weather in nearly all other places. By Friday morning, however, a distinct change in the distribution of pressure was shown, the highest pressures being now found over the Southern half of the United Kingdom, and the lowest off the North-Western Coast of Norway, while a decided fall in the barometer had taken place over Scotland. Cold, fine, and dry weather continue to hold over the greater part of England and Ireland, but in the North the wind drew into South and South-West, with dull rainy weather, and a great increase in temperature. In the course of Friday the fall of the barometer spread Southwards, and for a day or two the sky became overcast generally, with South-Westerly winds and warmer weather. South-Westerly gales occurred on our extreme North-Western Coasts, with some rain. During Sunday a recovery of pressure set in, followed by fog or mist generally, but by Tuesday the sky became clear over the South of England, and temperature was high for time of year. At the close of the week the barometer was falling briskly in the North of Scotland, whence a depression was passing away North-Eastwards. Southerly gales were experienced in this locality during the night, and rain fell. Over the South of England, however, little change in the weather occurred. During the early part of the week lower temperatures were reported over England than any since the year 1881, while during the closing days of the period maximum readings were considerably above the average. The barometer was highest (30.5 inches) on Thursday (10th inst.); lowest (30.2 inches) on Thursday (10th inst.); range 0.3 inches. The temperature was highest (51°) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (22°) on Friday (11th inst.); range 29°. Rain fell on one day only, Sunday (13th inst.) to the amount of 0.34 inches.



SCRAFFS

AN INDIAN PEERAGE is to be compiled by a British officer on the plan of Sir Bernard Burke's work. Not only the great chiefs, but 1,000 of the lesser rajahs and magnates, will be included.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE NEW YEAR'S GIFT IN PARIS this winter is a real gold purse, bearing the owner's monogram in relief. Sometimes the coat-of-arms, or—for a devoted Royalist—a *fleur-de-lis* replaces the initials.

THE NEW GERMAN COLONIAL STEAMSHIP LINES are to make Antwerp their port of call, instead of Flushing, as intended at one time. After a year's trial, however, another port may be chosen, if Antwerp prove inconvenient.

VARIOUS EUROPEAN FISHES—crabs, lobsters, turbot, brill, &c.—are shortly to be despatched to Tasmania for acclimatisation. Encouraged by the success of similar experiments in New Zealand, where a quantity of salmon ova is now to be sent, the Tasmanian Government will organise the scheme on a very extensive scale.

THE BABY INFANTA MERCEDES OF SPAIN cannot understand the death of the father whom she may probably succeed as Sovereign. The child believes the King to be still staying at the Pardo, and lately pulled a rose to pieces, put the leaves in an envelope, and gave them to King Alphonso's favourite valet, saying, "Here, Prudencio, go to the Pardo and give this to papa. Tell him to come soon, for it is so sad here—nobody does anything but cry."

RAPHAEL'S BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE WORK, "THE THREE GRACES," the chief gem of the late Lord Dudley's collection, is lost to England. The Duc d'Aumale has bought it for 25,000l., this being probably the largest sum ever paid for so small a work of art—only seven inches square. The "Graces" dates from 1506, possibly a little later than the "Vision of a Knight" in the National Gallery, both being youthful productions of Raphael. At one time both pictures were bought by Sir T. Lawrence for a few hundreds.

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN OPERA AND PALACE, now so frequent on the Continent, does not seem always desirable, judging from an adventure of the Queen of the Belgians. Lately her Majesty, seated comfortably in her room at Laeken, was enjoying by telephonic means the rehearsal of a new opera at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels. Suddenly the Royal ears were shocked by the conductor swearing violently at the chorus, and ever since every member of the Monnaie company has been obliged to keep strict guard over the tongue lest such an offence should recur.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria's head-quarters at the front during the present Servo-Bulgarian struggle are certainly not luxurious, according to a correspondence in the *Indépendance Belge*. The Prince inhabits a tiny inn (*kretschmar*), where the drinking-room serves for a general reception and dining-room, and as a bedroom for the Prince's staff. Leading out of this room is a kind of cupboard, which holds a table, two or three wooden stools, and an iron bedstead, and which is only just big enough for the tall Prince to lie at full length. Although the room is overcrowded when four persons are assembled, the Prince holds his councils of war in this so-called bedroom, gathering his officers together every evening after dinner to draw out plans for next day.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS now contain a fine pair of young Bengal tigers, presented by the Prime Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad, Nawab-Salar-Jung Bahadur (son of the late Sir Salar-Jung), who shot the mother about a year ago near the City of Hyderabad, and had the cubs conveyed to the gardens of his Palace, where they were reared. The animals acquired by the members of the Afghan Boundary Commission, and escorted home by the naturalist, Dr. Aitchison, have also been placed in the gardens. These last consist of a small, thick-necked tiger, and two pairs of gazelles; while a supposed snow-leopard—which turns out to be a cheetah—also taken by the Afghan Commission, has arrived in London by another route.

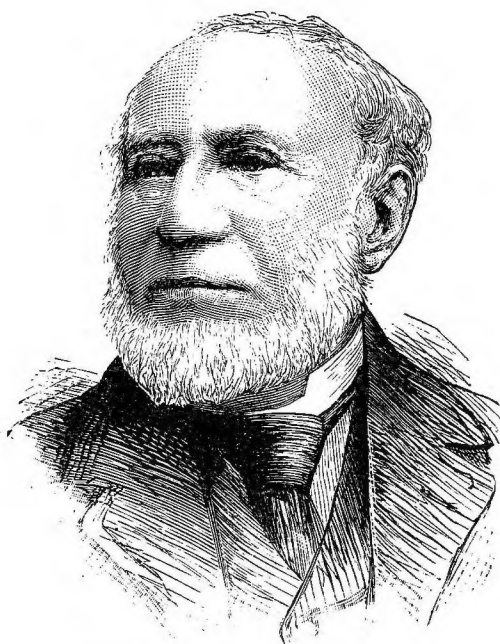
IRISH COTTAGE INDUSTRIES.—In December, 1883, a fund was set on foot by Mrs. Ernest Hart, with the object of reviving and promoting the cottage industries of Ireland, the decay of which is one of the causes of the extreme destitution among the Irish cottiers. The fund was entitled the Donegal Industrial Fund, and was to be employed in the manufacture of homespun and hand-worked woollen and linen fabrics. Classes for instructing the peasantry in the work were established in several parts of Ireland, and agencies planted in the mountain villages. The practical outcome of all this may be realised by a visit to 43, Wigmore Street, W., which premises have been opened for the sale of these hand-made goods. The homespun tweeds, friezes, and woollen fabrics are all wool, either undyed, or dyed with fast harmless colours. They are hand-spun, and woven in hand-looms under the direction of the Fund. They comprise a large variety of woollen articles, and some of the Kells embroideries are also on show.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,474 deaths were registered, against 1,544 during the previous seven days, a decline of 70, being 158 below the average, and at the rate of 18.8 per 1,000. There was 1 death from small-pox, 57 from measles (a fall of 12), 14 from scarlet fever (an increase of 2), 20 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 58 from whooping-cough (the same as last week), 7 from enteric fever (a fall of 9), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a decrease of 2), 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 4), and not one from typhus fever or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 413, an increase of 3, and 72 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths, 41 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 4 from poison, 24 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Two cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,504 births registered, against 2,656 the previous week, being 158 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 32.7 deg., and 10.0 deg. below the average. The coldest day was Friday, when the mean fell to 28.0 deg., and showed a deficiency of 14.5 deg. Rain or melted snow was measured on three days of the week, to the aggregate amount of 0.06 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 8.5 hours, against 22.7 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

Our portraits of the New Members of Parliament are from photographs as follows:—Col. C. E. Hamilton and Mr. Lockwood by E. Mayall, 164, New Bond Street; Sir G. Harrison and Dr. Hunter by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen; Mr. Carvell Williams by A. Cox and Co., Nottingham; Mr. R. G. Davis by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton; Mr. T. Robinson by W. Gillard, Gloucester; Mr. F. Sanger Hunt, by Joliet, 350, Rue St. Honoré, Paris; Mr. H. Seton-Karr by T. Fall, 9, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Alderman W. Cook, by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham; Mr. J. T. Brunner, by Birtles, Warrington and Northwich; Mr. G. C. T. Bartley by G. W. Secretan, Tunell Park, N.; Viscount Curzon by Mackintosh and Co., Kelso; Mr. E. R. Cook by M. Guttenberg, Clifton; Mr. T. Milvain by W. and D. Downey, London and Newcastle-on-Tyne; Lord Frederick Hamilton by John Edwards, 1, Parkside, Hyde Park Corner; Mr. Spensley by J. H. Blomfield, Hastings; Mr. Lewis Isaacs by Webster Brothers, 4, Porchester Road, W.; Mr. John Brooks by J. Ingham, Winton House, Sale; Sir W. Crossman by Debenham and Co., Southampton; Mr. C. S. Kenny by Hills and Saunders, Oxford; Mr. H. Spicer by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Chancery; and Mr. Beith from a lithograph by Gilmour and Dean, Glasgow; Mr. Johnston and Mr. McCulloch are from two unnamed photographers.



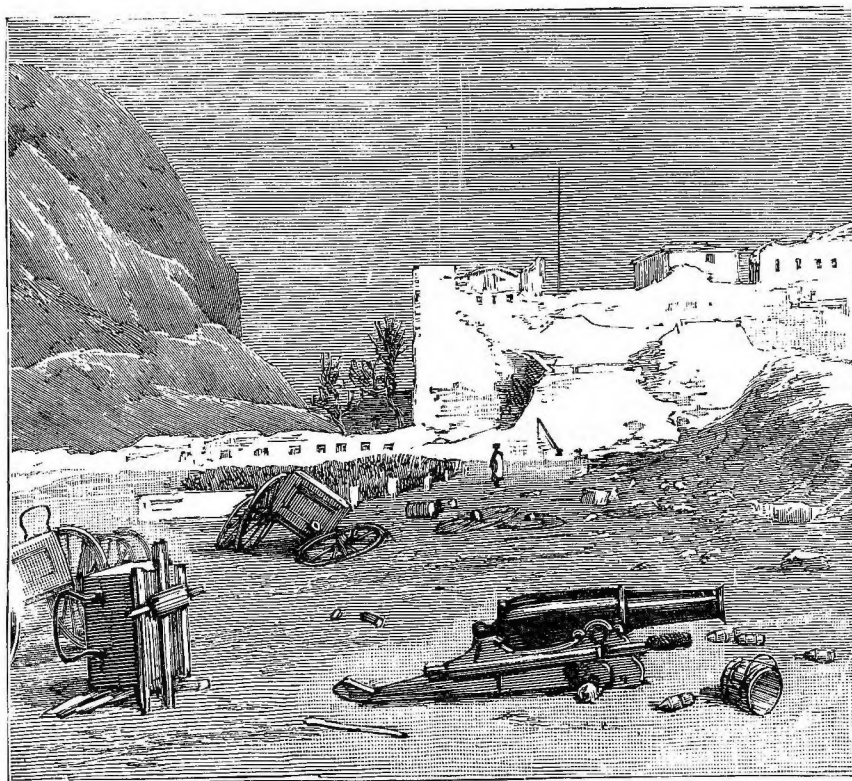
LIEUTENANT ROBERT ASHTON DURY
Killed during the attack on the Minia Forts, 17th November



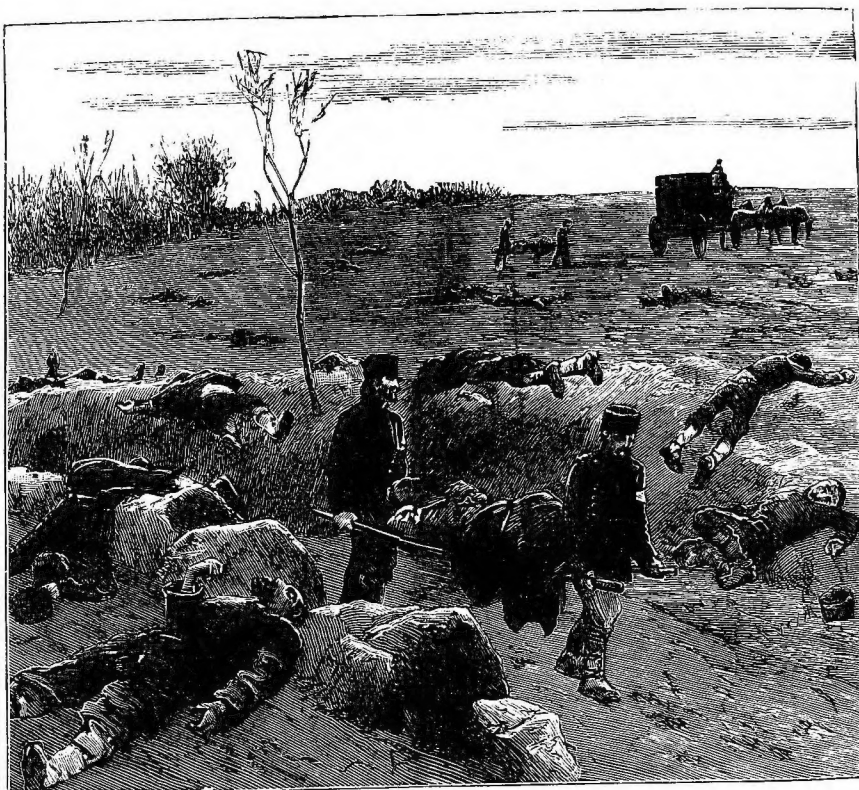
CAPTAIN SIR RALPH ALLEN GOSSET, K.C.B.
Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons
Died November 27, 1885



MR. F. T. PALGRAVE
The New Professor of Poetry at Oxford



THE RUINS OF THE ARSENAL AT PIROT, BLOWN UP BY THE SERVIANS ON
THEIR EVACUATION, NOVEMBER 26



THE MORNING AFTER—THE BATTLE-FIELD ON THE HEIGHTS OF PREGLADISTA,
ABOVE TSARIBROD, NOVEMBER 23



PLACING A BATTERY IN POSITION ON THE HEIGHTS OF PREGLADISTA, ABOVE TSARIBROD, NOVEMBER 25

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA
FROM SKETCHES BY M. ANTOINE PIOTROWSKI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIANS

THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN

THE late Don Alfonso, King of Spain, first married his cousin, the Princess Mercedes, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. The marriage took place at the Church of the Atocha, Madrid, on January 23rd, 1878, and for a time there was every promise of a happy union. But, to the profound grief of all who knew her, the young Queen died, only five months after her marriage, on June 26th. Reasons of State rendered it imperatively necessary for the young King to marry again, and once more the Church of the Atocha was the scene of a wedding at which Don Alfonso was the bridegroom. The event took place November 29th, 1879. This time the bride was of a stock to which neither the Queen-Mother Isabella nor the Jesuits could object, for she was the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, cousin to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The bride was born July 21st, 1858, and, at the time of her engagement, she was described in these columns as being about the middle height, slender and fair, with large blueish eyes. She was said to possess very pleasant manners, and was an excellent linguist, speaking French, Italian, Spanish, English, and German admirably. She had, moreover, a knowledge of many branches of science and literature not generally forming part of a girl's education, and since her marriage she has steadily continued her habits of study. In 1876 she was appointed lay Abbess of the Convent of Noble Ladies in Prague, which dignity she resigned to become Queen of Spain. During her brief married life she bore to King Alfonso two daughters, Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, born September 12th, 1880, and the Infanta Maria Teresa Isabella, born November 12th, 1882. The former of these becomes by her father's death Queen of Spain—the youngest of living Sovereigns; but should her mother, the Queen-Regent, who is believed to be *en route*, give birth to a son, he will—presuming that political tranquillity is maintained—succeed in place of his sister. The young widow, who is now only in her twenty-eighth year, succeeds to a heavy burden of responsibility, especially in a country like Spain, where during the last fifty years so many *pronunciamientos* and revolutions



QUEEN MARIA CHRISTINA
THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN

have taken place. At present she certainly has the sincere sympathy of the vast majority of the Spanish nation, and the knowledge of this will surely encourage her to fulfil in a noble and valiant manner her arduous task. The most sensible portion of the Spanish people are fully aware that the Queen-Regent stands forth as the exponent of constitutional freedom, as opposed to the despotism which Carlism would involve, or the anarchy and license which would almost certainly accompany the proclamation of a Republic. The Queen, moreover, possesses both energy and firmness of character, and she has shown these qualities, with great self-sacrifice, during the period of bitter trial which succeeded her husband's death. Although herself a foreigner, she is declared to be fully as jealous for the honour and interest of Spain as though she was native-born. The reports which have been circulated that she is guided by Austrian influences at the Spanish Court are baseless, and the coldness of manner with which she has been charged is really merely the not-uncommon outward manifestation of excessive timidity and modesty. Her new Ministers give her the highest praise, and even express surprise at the prudence and tact which she has displayed. Spain possesses many advantages, but good government has hitherto not been among its distinctive blessings. We English are all well-wishers to the Spanish people; it is to our interest that they should become industrious, peaceful, and prosperous, and therefore we hope that the era of tranquillity, which began as soon as Don Alfonso was firmly seated on his throne, may be prolonged for many years under the auspices of his widowed Queen.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.

TRANSATLANTIC RELIC-HUNTERS cause perpetual worry and anxiety to the keepers of public buildings in Washington. When they visit the White House they cut out pieces from the lace curtains and furniture coverings; the marble statues of the Capitol lose ears, toes, and fingers, and a regular pile of marble chips is kept lying loose round the Washington Monument to prevent curious people from hacking the memorial itself. Even Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon has been robbed of its stone eagles.



THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA—LOOKING OUT FOR WOUNDED RELATIVES AT A WAYSIDE STATION ON THE NISCH-BELGRADE RAILWAY

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SERVIANS



THE crisis in the Balkan Peninsula shows signs of solution. The Powers in answer to the appeal from SERBIA and BULGARIA decided as a first step to send a joint military commission to mark out a neutral zone between the two armies, so that the danger of an accidental resumption of hostilities by an indiscretion on either side might be avoided. The Commission appointed consists of the various military attachés of the foreign embassies at Vienna, the British representative being Colonel Keith Fraser, formerly of the 1st Life Guards. As a preliminary condition the Powers requested an assurance from both belligerents that their decision would be respected. To this King Milan at once agreed, but Prince Alexander, who is terribly afraid that the Powers will unduly favour Serbia in the terms of peace, while accepting the Commission demanded that the Servians should withdraw from the Widdin district, and that a Bulgarian delegate should be placed on the Commission on the same terms as the Servian. The Prince has consented to receive Madjid Pasha, the Turkish Commissioner, to join him in concluding peace. As to the definitive terms the Powers are said to have come to an agreement mainly on the basis of the British proposition, and the personal union at least of the two Bulgarias will now virtually be agreed upon. Russia, however, is credited with the intention of proposing the restoration of the Treaty of San Stefano, by which Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro will all receive an increase of territory, of course, at the expense of Turkey, and to the great glorification of the Czar, who will then once more pose as the Omnipotent protector of the Balkan States. This, however, would entail a consequent humiliation for Austria, who is being made the scapegoat this week by the German and Russian press, which warmly censures the conduct of her Government for their half-hearted and vacillating policy towards Serbia.

As to the belligerents themselves, the severe cold is causing much suffering amongst the Bulgarians, who, though warmly clothed, have few tents, and bivouac in the open in the snow, which moreover blocks the mountain passes, and prevents the transport of supplies. According to official statements the Servians lost 2,600 killed, 4,300 wounded, and 1,126 prisoners, in the twelve days' campaign; the Bulgarian losses being 500 killed, 1,803 wounded, and 500 prisoners. The Servians are apparently very short of officers, so numerous Austrians have been sworn into the service, and hundreds of non-commissioned officers raised to officers' rank, while General Horvathovich has ordered his officers to remove the gold ornaments from their uniforms, and to adopt the head-gear of a private soldier, so that they may not present an especial mark to the enemy. There has been a report that a conspiracy was on foot to assassinate the King, but it rests upon the presumed confession of a Montenegrin, who is suspected of having invented it in order to extort money from the authorities. The war fever still rages very strongly among the Servians, and it is significant that large contracts for uniforms, accoutrements, and arms, continue to be made by the Servian Government.

IN FRANCE the Paris supplementary elections took place on Sunday. As there were fifty candidates of seven distinct shades of opinion for six vacancies, it is not surprising that no candidate obtained the necessary majority, and that there will be another balloting on Sunday week. It is manifest, however, that the Opportunists have again been signally defeated, and that the Radicals are virtually masters of the situation. Meanwhile the Chamber has been invalidating more of the Reactionary seats, amongst others, four Bonapartists being turned out *en masse* from their Corsican constituencies, owing to alleged Clerical influence, which, if we are to believe the Republican statements, certainly seems to have been pretty widespread. The only other topics of interest have been the Tonquin inquiry and the English General Election. Regarding the former, Colonel Herbingier has now returned to France, and further revelations are expected. At present official opinion is said to strongly condemn Colonel Herbingier for having unduly retreated from Langson. The Government are stated to be determined not to reduce the Tonquin credit, and General de Courcy has sent a very rose-coloured report of recent military operations. As to the English Elections, the general opinion is very fairly given in an article in the *Temps*, which remarks that in England proper the Liberals have decidedly lost ground, their majority being due to the compact votes of Scotland and Wales. "Although politicians continue to fight under the old flags," continues the writer, "everything is in a state of dissolution and transformation. The Tories, with Lord Salisbury at their head, are nothing now but circumspect reformers. Liberals like Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen have in reality far more affinity with intelligent Conservatives than with Radicals like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke." Thus the *Temps* thinks that in proposing wise reforms to Parliament Lord Salisbury may expect to win over to his side the most circumspect members of the Liberal party; and in any case by the correctness of his conduct he will make an appeal for the future to public opinion. To return to French affairs proper, the forthcoming Presidential election continues to excite much speculation, and it is said that M. Grévy is now hesitating about becoming a candidate for the second time, as he fears that he may only obtain a slight majority, owing to the defection of the Right and the Radicals.

IN SPAIN the Grand *Requiem* Mass for the late King was duly celebrated on Saturday at Madrid, in the church of San Francisco el Grande. The service was conducted with the greatest possible pomp and solemnity, and is described as having been most imposing. Two thousand five hundred persons were present, including the Duke of Wellington and the other special ambassadors who had been sent by foreign nations to pay a last testimony of respect to Alphonso XII. The whole country is quiet and undisturbed, and the new Cabinet is settling seriously to work. Señor Canalejo is busy reorganising the finances, but it is stated that he is determined to avoid any further loans. The Minister of Public Works has also been drawing up plans for finding employment through the coming winter for the many thousands of workmen and labourers throughout the Peninsula, who, with their families, have been brought dangerously near to starvation point, and who have no prospect of finding anything to do until next spring. Señor Sagasta has succeeded in coming to terms with the Dynastic Left Party, so that there is a welcome prospect of a short spell—at least—of political quiet for Spain.

Matters in EGYPT are again beginning to look serious, and the Mahdi's successor, Caliph Abdullah, seems bent upon an invasion of Northern Egypt. He has issued a proclamation calling upon the Sudanese to join his standard, and on Saturday his advanced guard again attacked our garrisons. On Saturday a force of three thousand Arabs made an unsuccessful onslaught upon Mograkeh—a place two miles north of Koshch, but were repulsed with heavy loss by the Egyptian troops under Major Besant. The enemy then retired to the hills, having occupied Ferkeh, some seven miles north of Mograkeh. The telegraph line south of Akasheh was also cut. On Monday General Butler made a reconnaissance in force towards Koshch, but met with no opposition, the enemy having deserted

Ferkeh after looting the village. On Tuesday evening Koshch was attacked, and throughout the early hours of Wednesday morning fighting was going on. Eventually the enemy's battery was silenced, but three officers, Colonel Hunter, Major Chalmers, and Lieutenant Cameron were wounded, the two former severely. The rumour is probably baseless that Dongola is again to be occupied, but General Stephenson and his staff are making all due haste up the Nile, while reinforcements of British troops have been ordered to Egypt. Meanwhile Ahmed Mouktar Pasha has left Constantinople for Cairo, to confer with Sir Henry Drummond Wolff respecting the definitive settlement of Egypt and her affairs.

IN BURMA all is quiet at Mandalay; but there are reports of Dacoit outrages in the outlying districts, and they are stated to be strongly stockaded at Monthobo, their head-quarters being some distance from Mandalay, in the direction of Bhamo. They are expected to offer staunch resistance to the British advance; but Colonel Sladen is most sanguine that quiet will be gradually restored throughout the country when the British annexation is announced. Meanwhile news has come of the massacre of eleven European servants of the Bombay and Burma Company in the Chindwin Forest, who were massacred at Kendat on the Chindwin River by Burmese soldiers, sent from Mandalay in a King's steamer, and commanded by a Palace official. Colonel Sladen has visited the Buddhist Archbishop, to whom he declared that the British occupation would in no way interfere with religious liberty in Burma. In response the Archbishop issued an episcopal edict, calling upon the priests to put a stop to the circulation of rumours against the English, and exhorting the priests and people to submit themselves to the British authorities. King Theebaw has arrived at Madras, and will be permanently located at Raniput, near Arcot. The Dowager Queen and Soopyalat's elder sister will be taken to Tavoy, and the five Princes sent by Colonel Sladen from Mandalay will go to Mergui. Theebaw has taken away with him jewellery to the amount of four lakhs of rupees, and the Dowager Queen to the amount of half that sum. Some surprise has been expressed that Colonel Sladen has maintained the Chief Minister, Tynedah Mengyee, in power, as he is generally credited with having been the King's evil genius. The reason alleged is that the Minister has great influence over the Dacoits, though up to the present time it does not appear to have borne much fruit. The sacred White Elephant died on the 6th inst. General White declined to permit the three days' lying in state for sanitary reasons, but accorded the animal a State funeral, which was conducted with all due pomp and ceremony.

IN INDIA the Viceroy's tour has been somewhat interrupted, through an attack of fever at Lucknow. He is now, however, better, and was expected back in Calcutta on Wednesday.—The Afghan Boundary Commission have completed their work as far as Gouz-i-Khan, and boundary-posts have been erected.

IN THE UNITED STATES the funeral of Mr. Vanderbilt took place last week. His fortune is generally estimated at 40,000,000, which is divided amongst his family, Messrs. Cornelius and W. H. Vanderbilt inheriting as residuary legatees some 12,000,000, apart from magnificent direct legacies. None of the children are to dispose of the stock left them without the consent of all, so that the Vanderbilt railway system may continue in its entirety and remain under the management of the family.—General Grant's widow is to receive a yearly pension of 1,000,000—the amount now received by three surviving widows of Presidents. She is expected to realise 200,000, on the sale of her husband's book.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS clerical GERMANY has been holding high festival at Cologne on account of the installation of the New Bishop—Dr. Kremenitz—who owes his Bishopric to a spirit of compromise shown in his partial compliance with certain stipulations of the obnoxious May laws.—In PORTUGAL the death is announced of the father of the King, Don Fernando, Consort of the late Queen Marie. New disturbances are reported in COREA. In AUSTRALIA cholera has broken out on board a Queensland steamer. New South Wales has accordingly imposed quarantine on all arrivals from Queensland ports.



THE Queen held a Council at Windsor on Saturday, when Lords Cranbrook and George Hamilton and the Hon. D. Plunket were present, and Sir H. Lopes and the Hon. S. Flanagan were sworn in as members. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales with their sons, and Princess Louise, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at the Castle, and Lady Emily Kingscote and Canon Dalton joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, while later the Prince of Wales and his children, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to the Service at St. George's Chapel. Sir R. Cross and Sir H. Ponsonby dined with the Queen in the evening. Monday being the double anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice, the usual commemorative Services were held in the Frogmore Mausoleum, attended by Her Majesty and all the members of the Royal Family except Princess Christian, who was not well enough to be present. The Dean of Windsor officiated, and the choir of St. George's sang anthems and hymns, while at the close of the service the Queen and Royal Family placed wreaths on the Prince and Princess' monuments. Immediately afterwards the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, left for town, but the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, and Lord Lorne returned to Windsor Castle to lunch with the Queen, the Duchess of Albany remaining until Tuesday morning, when she rejoined her children at Claremont. On Wednesday Prince Henry of Battenberg was presented with the Freedom of Windsor, the ceremony taking place in the Guildhall. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry were to leave for Osborne to spend Christmas.

On returning to town the Prince and Princess of Wales received several pupils of the Academy of Music for the Blind to hear their performance, and on Tuesday the Prince and Princess and sons went to Holkham, Norfolk, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Leicester. Next Monday the Prince will visit Doulton's Pottery Establishment, to present Mr. Doulton with the Albert Medal.—The Prince and Princess have fixed January 19th for visiting the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall, Chester, when they will go to Liverpool on the 20th to open the Mersey Tunnel, and remain at Eaton Hall until the 23rd.

The Duke of Edinburgh has visited the Fat Cattle Shows at Canterbury and Ashford, being an exhibitor at both displays. The Duke is now entertaining Lord Randolph Churchill at Eastwell.—Princess Christian remains confined to the house, but it is officially announced that the state of her health causes no anxiety.—By the Queen's permission, Count and Countess Gleichen have resumed the title of Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, and their children will be known as Counts and Countesses of Gleichen.



THE BISHOPRIC OF ELY has been conferred on the Dean of Worcester, Lord Alwyne Compton, younger brother of the Marquis of Northampton, and a Conservative in politics. He was appointed Dean of Worcester in 1879, and in the following year was chosen Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. Since 1882 he has been Lord High Almoner to the Queen.

THE DEATH, in his seventieth year, is announced of Dr. Howson, since 1867 Dean of Chester. A few months after his appointment he undertook the restoration of Chester Cathedral, and in four years succeeded in raising 40,000, for the work, the essential part of which was finished in 1871. As an author—and he was a most productive one—he is best known through "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," a very valuable and interesting work, which he executed in conjunction with the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, contributing to it the historical and geographical portions. His article "Deaconesses," in the *Quarterly Review*, excited considerable attention, and he expanded it into a suggestive volume, "Deaconesses, or the Official Help of Woman in Parochial Work and in Charitable Institutions." Dean Howson belonged to the Broad Church party, and was a kindly and genial man.

CHURCH REFORM.—The object of the Church Defence movement having been apparently attained, at least for the present, it is being succeeded by a new and powerful one for Church Reform. The Memorial to the Archbishops, previously summarised in this column, in which resident members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge pointed out what they regarded as necessary Church reforms, has since received a host of additional signatures, and seemingly now includes almost every member of that body of the slightest academic note or position. The Archbishops have read and consented to have presented to them another address much to the same effect as the Cambridge Memorial, and signed by several hundreds of clergymen of varying theological and politico-ecclesiastical creeds. Five Deans head the list, which also contains the names of six Heads of Houses in Oxford University, with a number of its professors, tutors, and fellows, and those of the Head Masters of Eton, Rugby, and Marlborough.—Replying to a correspondent who urged the necessity for dealing with three ecclesiastical abuses—the existence of the *cong d'élire* in its present form, the traffic in livings, and the constitution of Convocation the Archbishop of Canterbury says that reform is most earnestly desired, and will be strenuous for by him in the matters mentioned and in others. The Archbishop reminds his correspondent that he promised last Session to introduce a Patronage Bill; and remarks that a general feeling has gained much in tone in a short time, and is even more favourable than it was then. But, the Primate adds significantly, "the laity have their duty to do."—In an emphatic communication addressed to the Archbishop of Coventry, the Bishop of Worcester declares that nothing can prevent the disruption of the Church of England except the institution of a General Church Council, in which laymen duly elected to represent the Church shall have a substantial voice, and which shall have authority as well to regulate matters of internal administration as to prepare for the sanction of the Crown and Parliament such schemes for great changes as may be thought necessary.—The Bishop of Peterborough has undertaken to introduce into the House of Lords next session the Parish Churches Bill, which confers on all parishioners an equal right to the free use of the seats in their parish church.

MEMBERS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COMMUNION are very satisfied with one result of the General Election. There are now no fewer than eighty-three Roman Catholic M.P.'s against only sixty in the last Parliament; and for the first time since the Reformation a Scotch constituency has returned a Roman Catholic candidate in the person of Mr. Macfarlane, the new Member for Argyleshire, formerly Member for Carlow County.



A FRENCHMAN ON MUSIC IN ENGLAND.—M. Félix Remo (the name is probably assumed) has published a volume of portentous length, entitled "Music in the Land of Fogs." It is written in the style of Max O'Rell, and M. Remo, without possessing the keen perception of his fellow-countryman, falls into many ludicrous mistakes. Such statements as that the police used to knock at the street door to forbid the playing of a piano on Sunday, that musical England is parcelled out among a body of foreigners whom the author mentions individually by name, that the Handel Festival is held in Glasgow, Dundee, and in nearly every cathedral on a more or less grand scale, and that among the "Perles de la Scène Musicale" are Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Fortescue, can of course only provoke a smile. Yet, despite innumerable errors, there is abundant evidence that the author has had some experience of musical affairs in this country. He more or less severely criticises many great professors, whom, with questionable taste, he indicates under the open secret of initials. His description of a musical party, at which the mistress of the house asked the pianist not to play so loudly, as the guests could not make themselves heard, is exceedingly funny. He appears to have formed the opinion that English society believes, with Théophile Gautier, that "music is the most expensive and the most disagreeable of all noises." So also the satire upon musical education in families is by no means ill placed. The anecdote of the English mamma, who, after the professor had given his first singing lesson, requested her little daughter "to sing the songs her master had just taught her," may well be an example of something which actually exists. Equally suggestive is the story of the British matron who placidly informed a celebrated musician that her child "knew all about music, but only wanted a few finishing lessons." The tale is also familiar of the lady who went to a pianoforte manufacturer, and on being told that one instrument was 30, and another 80, inquired whether both had the same number of notes. That M. Remo has disfigured his volume by attacks on individuals, and particularly by the retailing of stale fables concerning the musical taste and knowledge of Her Majesty the Queen, are facts to be regretted. But if about one-third of the book were sacrificed on the altar of good taste, the residue would well bear translation into English, and "La Musique au Pays des Brouillards" might be provocative of much good-humoured laughter.

CONCERTS.—During the seven days ending Thursday there have been, altogether apart from minor and outside performances, no less than twenty-four high-class concerts given in London. This is no isolated week, for during the entire autumn music has been almost equally plentiful. This enhanced supply may prove that the demand for concerts is increasing in order to keep pace with the undoubted spread of musical culture, or it may merely indicate that fashions are changing, and that as in every other important capital

in the world, the London winter musical season is becoming more important than the summer. The concerts announced have been of various sorts, and to allude to them in full detail would be for the most part merely dull repetition of how well-known artists performed familiar works. Chamber programmes have been the most plentiful. At the Popular Concerts Miss Zimmermann on Monday introduced a pleasant but by no means striking pianoforte quintet in C minor, by the late Friedrich Kiel. On the previous Saturday Miss Fanny Davies led Schumann's ever welcome pianoforte quintet, but, doubtless owing to the weather, there was a comparatively small audience.—M. de Pachmann, at his recital on Monday, played Weber's Sonata (Op. 70), and several works by Chopin and others.—Mr. S. H. Waller, who gave a recital last week, is only comparatively a new comer. Some years ago he made his *début* as a juvenile prodigy, and after serving in the army he has now returned to his earlier love. He is a promising pianist.—So, in a higher sense, is Madame Louise Douste de Fortis, who has undoubted talent, which seems to need further development either by tuition or self-study.—The Musical Artists' Society, on Saturday, produced, as is their wont, several new compositions by members.—A recital under Miss Bessie Frost was given on Wednesday by the pupils of the Harrow School.—Mr. Speer likewise gave a recital on Wednesday, and Mr. Henry Holmes, at his last "Musical Evening," announced a fine programme, which included Brahms' Sextet in B flat, and Mendelssohn's Octet.

The Choral Concerts of this week have included performances of *Mors et Vita* by the Bow and Bromley Choir, and of Mr. Cowen's *The Sleeping Beauty* by the Tufnell Park Choir.

The principal orchestral concert was that given on Saturday at the Crystal Palace, when a Polish violinist, M. Bercewicz, made his *début*. His reading of the "Romance" in the violin concerto in D minor by his countryman, the late Henri Wieniawski, was somewhat exaggerated. But he plays well in tune, his technique is almost faultless, and he took the final "Allegro à la Zingara" at an unusually rapid pace. On the other hand, M. Bercewicz's tone is somewhat coarse, and the highly-probable suggestion has been thrown out that, like many other continental players, he does not possess a first-rate violin. Madame Biro de Marion was somewhat overweighted with Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," but the performance of Schumann's B flat symphony under Mr. Manns was a genuine treat.—On Friday the "Strolling Players" gave a concert and played some movements from Rubinstein's *Ball Costumé* better than Mr. Prout's Birmingham symphony. But for an amateur orchestra the latter attempt was a very plucky one.

Among the miscellaneous concerts may be mentioned a curious performance announced by the "Popular Wagner Society." The programme was a mixture of songs from Wagner's operas and drawing-room ditties. A more incongruous *mélange* it would be difficult to imagine.—Among other concerts may also be mentioned that given for the Post-Office Orphanage, a miscellaneous performance at the Albert Palace, with Mr. Santley as star, a vocal recital by Mr. Isidore de Lara, &c.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti started last week from Paris for her professional tour in Eastern Europe.—We regret to announce the death, last week, of the well-known contralto vocalist, Miss Annie Butterworth, formerly of the Royal Academy of Music.—Last Friday the Glasgow Society of Musicians gave a grand banquet in honour of the Scottish composer, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, who has recently directed four performances of his *Rose of Sharon* in various Scotch towns.—The novelties for the next Leeds Triennial Festival were officially announced by the Committee last week. M. Rubinstein's oratorio will not be given. Sir Arthur Sullivan will contribute a sacred work, occupying half a programme; Mr. Mackenzie will compose a cantata, founded by Mr. J. Bennett on Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Pearls of the Faith*; and Dvorák has promised an oratorio on the martyrdom of a Bohemian female saint.



PROTECTION AND THE PRICE OF CORN.—The word Protection has to some a kindly sound, and a meaning which implies no more than the ordinary fact of our all standing in need of help one way or another. To a second class of persons, however, it implies an unworthy self-distrust, together with artificial methods of impeding or arresting a competition which it is well for us to have to face. The general election now concluded has not left us in much doubt as to which of these views is entertained by the agricultural labourers and peasantry. Theirs is the second of the above views. Protection, they will have none of it. It is true that they labour only five and-a-half days a week, while foreign competitors in many cases work the whole of six days and part of the seventh. It is also true that the increasing impecuniosity of farmers is largely adding to the hardships of their servants, the agricultural labourers. But against this we have the cheap loaf; and the cheap loaf has carried the counties for the Liberals even more than the three acres and the cow. Bread is now at fivepence the quarter loaf, English wheat is at 30s. 5d. the quarter of 480lb., foreign flour is obtainable at a guinea the sack.

ENGLISH FARMERS go on growing wheat at these prices, but every year witnesses a diminution in the acreage, and this autumn it is probable that less wheat has been committed to the soil than in any previous season during the century. Oats have gained a little of the acreage taken from wheat, but the average has now fallen to 18s. 2d., and at this price it is not to be expected that sowings will increase. Barley is a variable crop and a speculative one, and is likely to be grown on a large area in times when farmers can afford to speculate, and in such times only. Besides which, barley, more than either wheat or oats, requires a special soil, and a special state of the soil at sowing-time. Farmers are not encouraged by existing circumstances to sow any cereal. They will probably add to their grazing land, and they may grow maize for green food, and also an increased quantity of rye for the same purpose. Lucerne, trefoil, and kindred plants are also increasing in use and area of cultivation.

THE AGRICULTURAL YEAR is thus summed up in the *Farmer's Almanac* for 1886:—"Average decreased over seven per cent. for wheat. Seed-time good, followed by open dry winter and long cold spring. All crops were very backward at the end of May. June was favourable in temperature and a calm blooming time, so that harvest commenced at the end of July, about one week only later than usual. The early ingathering was rapid and favourable, whilst the latest crops of northern England and Scotland suffered much from broken weather. Wheat and barley were reckoned a full crop per acre, beans and oats deficient, potatoes sound but small. The hay and forage crops were fair in bulk, and mostly saved in excellent condition." We may remark that potatoes have now been a fair to good crop three years in succession, a fact sometimes overlooked in discussing the low price of flour and wheat.

CHRISTMAS CATTLE.—The annual show of fat stock for Christmas consumption was held on Monday last at Islington. As a display it is nearly as valuable as the Show at the Agricultural Hall, while as a guide to the actual position of the average farmer it is far more important. The Smithfield, Norwich, and Birmingham *entrepreneurs* earn their shillings by showing us grand, but comparatively isolated, specimens of what can be done in the way of

bringing cattle to perfection. The Christmas market gives a good general idea of the capabilities of our farmers in producing large herds which shall possess a general evenness of quality and condition. It is therefore pleasant to be able to say that in point of quality and condition Monday's show was distinctly satisfactory. The Scotch cattle were a superb show, and all the best-known breeders were well represented. Herefords, Welsh Runts, and Sussex were also above the average.

THE SHEEP at Islington Market were an exceedingly large show, 13,660 being entered. The collection, too, was not only extensive, but prime. The proportion of inferior and poor-conditioned stock was very small. The more general remark was that the sheep had developed too rapidly, and whilst they were in every way commendable for being young and well-fleshed, they were a trifle too heavy for the general trade demand. The choice and smaller sorts of mutton are in good request at Christmas, when turkeys, geese, or a grand joint of beef constitute the *pièce de résistance* at middle-class tables. The pure Down sheep were rather a small proportion of Monday's supply, where the greater weight of meat, and really prime meat, too, was comprised in the half-breds.

SCOTLAND.—Outdoor work is well nigh at a standstill, saving the carting out of manure to the fields; but, as work is generally well forward this season, there is nothing much to complain of in this respect. It seems to be the general impression that cattle will go still worse, but that sheep will improve. There is a decided increase in the number of fat cattle sent to the Southern markets from Aberdeen; but of course, at present prices, the returns will come far short of what they were last year for an equal quantity. The frost was very severe whilst it lasted, and the thaw following made the roads so rotten and muddy as to be all but impassable.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The thaw set in last Sunday very fast, and the country lanes were soon running with water, while the springs rose and streams filled. The land is very heavy, and there is very little farm work of any description being done.—The two Scotch counties of Banff and Aberdeen have this year contributed 15,000/. worth of cattle to the London Christmas meat supply.—The Short-horn Society will give two special prizes at the Norwich Show of the Royal Agricultural Society in July, 1886.—Extensive rent remissions have recently been made by the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earls of Faversham and Warwick, and Mr. Brassey.—Mr. Hine has been unanimously elected Secretary of the Smithfield Club.



THE TURF.—The frost, which last week interfered with a variety of out-door sports and pastimes, including hunting, coursing, and steeplechasing, did not last long; and perhaps few but skaters were sorry at its unexpected disappearance, all arrangements having been made for the Amateur and Professional Skating Championships. The resumption, however, of "cross-country" work has lacked spirit, and neither Plumpton, Leicester, nor Kempton has provided any sport of interest. It can hardly be said that the "illegitimate" season has as yet given evidence of increasing vitality, indeed, it may be noted that since the Grand National Hunt gave a spurt to it a few years ago, interest in it has gradually declined. Some few recruits, however, of note, such as Queen Adelaide, Legacy, Lord Strathnairn, and Royal Fern, have left the "flat" for the jumping business; and perhaps after Christmas "cross-country" matters may look a little livelier.—The important position of Handicapper to the Jockey Club, recently resigned by Mr. Edward Weatherby, is still vacant, Mr. W. Ford having declined it, it is said, on the score of ill health. The Messrs. Weatherby, however, who still remain in the old firm, will continue their handicapping work at Manchester and other places as heretofore.—A very prominent character on the Turf, in the person of Mr. Charles Brewer, died on Sunday evening last. He was the owner, or at least part owner, of the famous Robert the Devil, who landed second in the Derby to Bend Or, and won the Grand Prix de Paris, the St. Leger, and the Cesarewitch.—It is said that Mr. Hammond will not again risk St. Gatien in handicaps, but reserve him for cup and weight-for-age races.—Mr. Lorillard, the famous tobacco manufacturer in New York, and owner of Iroquois, Parole, and other American racehorses who distinguished themselves on the English Turf, is said to be about to pay his first visit to this country, where he has a large number of yearlings engaged.

FOOTBALL.—Saturday last saw several games in the Association Cup decided. At Staveley the home team beat Notts Forest, at Wolverhampton the local Wanderers defeated the Walsall Swifts, Portvale Burslem was too much for Leek, and Notts Rangers went down before Notts County. Other winners of games were Small Heath Alliance, Preston North End, Davenham, Church, and Old Westminsters. Though the number of competitors is now very considerably reduced, there is hardly a team left in which shows such a marked superiority as to justify anything approaching a prophecy as to its ultimate success.—In Association games Surrey has beaten Kent, Woolwich Academy, Christ Church Oxford, Aston Villa Cambridge University, and Blackburn Olympic the Blackburn Rovers, who are the holders of the Association Cup.

AQUATICS.—Oxford has not been so fortunate as her sister on the Cam in bringing off her Trial Eights. Brought off, however, they have been between Abingdon and Newnham, the Mouldsford course being unavailable owing to the floods. Robertson's crew was given three-parts of a length start, but showed itself superior to Baker's from the start, and won easily enough. Neither of the crews gave unbounded satisfaction to critics, but probably Cambridge has better stuff in hand for the great spring race than Oxford.

CRICKET.—After all we are to have an Australian team sent to this country next season by the Melbourne Cricket Club. This announcement will, of course, necessitate a good deal of modification of the arrangements made for the season only a few days ago at Lord's; but it cannot be helped. The Colonial Exhibition of next year would hardly be complete without the presence of a Colonial cricket team, though we are of the number of those who think that these frequent visits are rather to be deprecated than otherwise.—Mr. H. V. Page, of Wadham College, has been again re-elected Captain of the Oxford Eleven.

BILLIARDS.—Peall, with 2,000 points start in 10,000, has easily beaten Cook in the spot-barred match; and Roberts, giving 4,500 in 12,000 to Coles, has added another to his many victories of this season; while in a 10,000 up spot-barred game, level, North has easily beaten Mitchell.—Both Peall and Mitchell have challenged the Champion, to play on ordinary, and not "Championship," tables, and he has accepted, though he would have been strictly within his rights to have refused.—At Chicago, Vignaux, the French player, has just defeated Slosson and Schaefer in a sweepstakes for the "Championship of the World."

LACROSSE.—At Preston Park, Brighton, the Hampstead team, after a good game, has proved too strong for the Southdown Club.—West London has won a very close match against Cricklewood and Child's Hill combined.

HOCKEY.—A capital game has been played between Moseley and Wimbledon, resulting in the victory of the former.

PUGILISM.—The time-honoured but defunct title of Champion of England has been temporarily revived as the result of a fight between two men (whose names are withheld) for 200/. a side. Wagering was heavy on both sides, but after a short though scientific combat the younger of the two gained the victory. The secret was so well kept that, although at least a hundred spectators were present, the police received no inkling of the affair.

YET another opening for sportsmen who care first to acquire the art of slaughtering. It appears from a sporting contemporary that one Phil Wood has been boasting somewhat freely as to his various powers, and now he is challenged by a youthful butcher to "kill and dress three bullocks against him for 5/. a side."



THE BAR contributes to the new House of Commons a much larger proportion of members than any other profession or vocation, 110 M.P.'s, more than 16 per cent. of the whole number, being barristers in or out of practice.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES are appropriately, opportunely, and acceptably memorialising the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to arrest the threatened demolition of their interesting old Gatehouse and of Old Square, Lincoln's Inn. The gatehouse and Old Square are rendered historical though having been the residence of Sir Matthew Hale, Thurloe (Cromwell's Secretary), Wentworth Lord Strafford, William Prynne, and Lenthall, the Speaker of the Long Parliament.

A RAILWAY COMPANY is not obliged to run any trains at all was a rather startling dictum of the Attorney-General supported by Mr. Justice Archibald Smith, when giving judgment in the case "Laurie v. the London and South-Western Railway Company," the result of which has produced a good deal of comment. On one of the days of the Ascot Races the defendant company, as usual, altered its train arrangements, running special trains at double fares, and suspending until 2 p.m. the ordinary train to Ascot. Ignorant of this arrangement, which the company, however, had duly made public, Mrs. Laurie, the plaintiff, offered ordinary fare to travel by one of the special trains, which seems to have started at the same hour as an ordinary train under ordinary circumstances, and, being charged double fare, she brought an action to recover half her payment. It was admitted by the plaintiff's counsel that the right of railway companies to charge increased fares under these circumstances had been decided in their favour, but he contended that when running special trains they were bound to provide travellers by ordinary trains with reasonable facilities for locomotion, and that the suspension of these trains until two o'clock was unreasonable. Mr. Justice Mathew thought that the plaintiff could have gone by the 2.5 train, and that there was nothing unreasonable in the arrangements of the company, and Mr. Justice Archibald Smith adopting as sound the Attorney-General's dictum, already quoted, judgment was given for the company.

THE SLIPPERINESS OF EELS is proverbial, but an Act of Parliament has been too much for the efforts of a purchaser of them in Ireland to vend them in an English market during close time. It was contended, on behalf of a Birmingham fishmonger, that he could do this, firstly because the provisions of the Act fixing a close time for freshwater fish did not extend to Ireland, where they had been originally caught, and, secondly, that the eel is not a freshwater fish, since it is in the habit of visiting brackish water. But the provisions of the Act expressly apply to any fish, except salmon, living "permanently or temporarily in fresh water;" and Mr. Justice Manisty held that the Legislature intended to prevent during close time the sale of the fish included in the Act whensoever imported. He, therefore, gave judgment against the fishmonger.

MR. JAMES FAHEY, THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTER, was born in Paddington, then a suburban village, in 1804. He passed his schooldays in the most beautiful parts of Oxfordshire and Somersetshire, and ever after was strongly attracted by the charms of country life. He began his artistic career as an engraver under his uncle, John Swaine, one of whose best works was a fine portrait of Marshal Blücher; but he presently discarded the burin for the brush, and became a pupil of Scharf of Munich, for whom he always retained the highest affection and esteem. He next became a student at the schools in Paris, devoting his attention principally to the study of the figure, and spent much of his time in the anatomical schools, making life-size studies of the parts dissected, many of which he afterwards drew on stone for surgical works. Ultimately, however, his fondness for rural life induced him to devote his energies solely to landscape. At this time (about 1831) the only gallery in London suitable for the Exhibition of Water Colours was the Old Society, Pall Mall East. Mr. Fahey, together with some other rising artists, decided to found another. This, which was first started in Old Bond Street, eventually became a permanent Gallery at 53, Pall Mall, and took the title of The New Society of Painters in Water Colours. For forty years Mr. Fahey was its secretary, and the Society, which has now become the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, owes much of its prosperity to his continuous energy and zeal. In 1856 he was elected teacher of drawing at Merchant Taylors' School. After twenty-seven years' service he was pensioned off on his full salary. This, however, he lived only two years to enjoy, dying painlessly, on Dec. 11th, after a brief illness, at his residence, The Grange, Shepherd's Bush Green. He leaves behind him two sons and two daughters.

SUNDRIES.—Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith have sent us a parcel of their diaries and pocket-books, which range from the large quarto volumes for recording the transactions of an office, to the ordinary desk size or the wallet diary, which, in a neat morocco case, can be carried in the coat pocket. All are on good paper and carefully ruled, while the same firm also send some useful house-keeping diaries, card almanacs, &c. Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co. (Limited) also send a number of their diaries, which claim to be printed on "sight-preserving paper," and in many cases are bound in flexible covers. These diaries are published in a diversity of forms, useful alike for the office and the study.—Mr. W. H. Cremer, of Regent Street, forwards some of his latest novelties in "Cosques" or "crackers," which, with their concealed toys, are sure to prove a source of delight to juveniles. Finally, in our notice of Christmas Cards on page 650, we omitted to notice a packet from Meissner and Buch which contains some exceedingly tasteful and admirably-printed designs; another parcel from J. F. Schipper and Co., which contains some pretty feather designs, and several very good copies in colours of Turner's landscapes; while Messrs. Morison, of Glasgow, send a new "Political Reconciliation Card," which depicts the leaders of the two great parties throwing down their foils and shaking hands in honour of what should be the great peace-making festival of the year. Messrs. Alfred Gray and Co. also send a batch of political cards portraying the chieftains of both parties in medieval costume enjoying a bout of Yuletide revels.—Mr. F. Sargent, of 11, Fitzroy Street, sends us a well-executed engraving of Mr. Gladstone, done in the mixed style of etching and mezzotint, from a painting for which the ex-Premier sat some time since.



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CHRISTMAS AT AN INDIAN HILL STATION—GOING HOME AFTER A PARTY



SIR GEORGE HARRI-ON (L)
(Edinburgh, Southern Division)

Was born in Stonehaven; was for many years a merchant in Edinburgh, and was officially connected with the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce from 1846 to 1869. Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh 1879-82, and Lord Provost 1882-5. In 1884, on the occasion of the ter-centenary of the University of Edinburgh, he was knighted, and created an honorary LL.D.



MR. F. SEAGER HUNT (C)
(West Marylebone)

Son of Mr. James Hunt, railway contractor, and Eliza, daughter of Mr. James Lys Seager, was born in 1838, and educated at Westminster School. On the death of Mr. Seager he became proprietor of the Distillery business known as Seager, Evans, & Co. Mr. Hunt, who unsuccessfully contested Marylebone in 1880, married, in 1867, Alice Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Hunt.



MR. THOMAS ROBINSON (L)
(Gloucester)

Born 1827, and educated privately. Is a corn merchant in a large way of business in Gloucester. He has been a member of the Town Council for twenty-eight years, is an Alderman, and has been four times Mayor. Is a Magistrate and a member of the Reform and National Liberal Clubs, and married in 1852 Harriet, daughter of the late Mr. John Goodwin, J.P., of Worcester.



SIR WILLIAM CROSSMAN (L)
(Plymouth)

Col. Sir William Crossman, R.E., K.C.M.G., is a son of the late Mr. R. Crossman, of Cheswick House, Northumberland. He was born in 1830, and married in 1855 Catherine, daughter of Mr. J. L. Morley, of Albany, Western Australia. He has seen much service abroad, and has recently been in command of the Royal Engineers in the Southern District.



MR. JOHN McCULLOCH (L)
(Glasgow, St. Rollox Division)

Was born near Newton-Stewart, Wigtownshire, in 1842, and educated at parochial schools. He early became a farmer, has been seven times a medallist of the Highland Society, and is a Vice-president of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture. As farmer and land inspector for two Scotch land companies he has travelled extensively in Canada and the United States.



MR. HOWARD SPENSLEY (L)
(Central Finsbury)

Was born in London in 1854, and at an early age went to Australia, where, in 1864, he was called to the Victorian Bar. In 1871 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly, and subsequently became Solicitor-General in Sir C. Gavan Duffy's Ministry. He is a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy; a F.R.G.S., and a Fellow of the Statistical Society and the Colonial Institute.



MR. JOHN BROOKS (C)
(Cheshire, Altrincham Division)

Only son of the late Rev. John Brooks, of Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire, and Anne, daughter of the late Mr. John Jones, of Kilsall Hall, Shropshire, was born in 1856, and educated at Harrow and Merton College, Oxford, where, in 1877, he obtained the Newdigate Prize, and graduated in high honours. Mr. Brooks, who was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, is a J.P. for Cheshire and Berkshire.



MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON (C)
(South Belfast)

Eldest son of the late Mr. John Brett Johnston of Ballykilbeg, near Newry, was born in 1829, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish Bar in 1852. In 1868 he was appointed Inspector of Irish Fisheries, but has since resigned. Mr. Johnston has been thrice married.



MR. G. C. T. BARTLEY (C)
(North Islington)

Second son of the late Mr. Robert Bartley, of Rectory Place, Hackney, was born in 1842, and educated at University College. Served for twenty years in the General Science and Art Department. Is a J.P. for Middlesex, and founder of the National Penny Bank, and unsuccessfully contested Hackney in 1880. He married the third daughter of the late Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B.



MR. E. RIDER COOK (L)
(West Ham, North)

Eldest son of Mr. Edward Cook, of Crick, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, by Anne, daughter of Mr. Henry Rider, was born in 1836, and educated at the City of London School and University College, London. Mr. Cook, who is a J.P. for Middlesex and a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has been twice married.



MR. C. S. KENNY (L)
(Yorkshire, Barnsley Division)

Mr. Courtney Stanhope Kenny was born in 1847, and educated at Heath Grammar School and Downing College, Cambridge, of which he is now Fellow. Was President of the Cambridge Union Society. In 1869 he became a solicitor, but is now a barrister. Mr. Kenny, who has written several legal works, married in 1876, Emily, daughter of Mr. W. W. Wiseman, M.R.C.S.



MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD (L)
(York)

Born 1847, and educated at Cambridge. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1872 (Q.C. 1882). He was one of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into Corrupt Practices at Chester in 1880, and in 1884 was appointed Recorder of Sheffield. Mr. Lockwood married in 1874 a daughter of Mr. Salis-Schwabe, of Rhodes, near Manchester.



LORD F. S. HAMILTON (C)
(South-West Manchester)

Lord Frederick Spencer Hamilton, fourth son of the late Duke of Abercorn, was born in 1856, and educated at Harrow. Entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877, and since then has been Attaché at Berlin (during the Congress), St. Petersburg, Lisbon, and Buenos Ayres. In 1878 he accompanied the Duke of Abercorn's Special Mission to the King of Italy. He has travelled extensively.



MR. LEWIS H. ISAACS (C)
(Newington, Walworth Division)

Younger son of the late Mr. Isaac Isaacs of Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, was born in 1830, and educated at the Royal Lancaster Grammar School, and at University College, London. He is senior partner in the firm of Isaacs and Florence, Architects, Surveyor to the Board of Works for the Holborn District, and a director of the Metropolitan District Railway.



MR. HENRY SPICER (L)
(North Islington)

Was born in Barnsbury in 1837, and is a Graduate of the London University. He is a partner in the firm of Spicer Brothers, Wholesale Stationers. Member of the London School Board for the City, and Chairman of its Industrial Schools Committee. He is a J.P. for Middlesex, and a member of the Fishmongers Company, and of the Geological and Linnean Societies.



MR. WILLIAM A. HUNTER (L)
(North Aberdeen)

Son of Mr. James Hunter, granite merchant, was born in 1844, and educated at Aberdeen Grammar School and University. At the latter he graduated with honours in Philosophy and Natural Science, and gained the Ferguson (Philosophical) Scholarship. Has held the Chairs of Philosophy and Roman Law at the London University. Called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1867.



MR. GILBERT BEITH (L)
(Glasgow, Central Division)

Eldest son of the Rev. Alexander Beith, D.D., Stirling, was born in 1827, and educated at the Campbelltown and Stirling Academies. He is a Glasgow merchant, a Director of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, a prominent elder in the Free Church, and takes a great interest in Land Reform. He has been twice married; his second wife being a daughter of the late Rev. J. Pollock, of Baldernoch.



LT.-COL. C. E. HAMILTON (C)
(Rotherhithe)

Born 1845, and educated in Liverpool and Brussels. Was for nine years a member of the Liverpool Corporation, and Lt.-Col. of the 8th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers from 1877 to 1881, when he retired, retaining his rank by Royal permission. Is a J.P. for Lancashire and Liverpool, and married in 1876 Mary, daughter of Mr. George McCordquodale, of Newton-le-Willows.



VISCOUNT CURZON (C)
(South Bucks)

Viscount Curzon, eldest son of the Earl and Countess Howe, was born in 1861, and educated at Eton and at Christchurch, Oxford. Lord Curzon, who is a Lieutenant in Prince Albert's Own Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, and a Magistrate for Bucks, married in 1883 Lady Georgina Spencer Churchill, fifth daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough.



MR. ALDERMAN W. COOK (L)
(East Birmingham)

Was born in 1834, and when only seven years old set to work in a fitting shop. Becoming skillful in his trade, he started in business for himself as a manufacturer, and achieved much success. Was Mayor of Birmingham in 1881, is a magistrate, and chairman of the Hospital Saturday Committee. In 1857 he married Hannah, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Scambler, of Birmingham.



MR. J. CARVELL-WILLIAMS (L)
(South Nottingham)

Eldest son of the late Mr. John Allan Williams, of Stepey, by his marriage with Mary, daughter of Mr. John Carvell, of Lambeth, was born 1821. From 1847 to 1877 was the Secretary of the Liberation Society, being appointed in 1877 Chairman of the Society's Parliamentary Committee. Mr. Williams married in 1849 Anne, daughter of Mr. Richard Goodman, of Hornsey.



MR. ROBERT GENT-DAVIS (C)
(Kennington)

The only son of Mr. Robert Davis of Priory Road, Hampstead, was born in 1857, and educated at the name of Gent from his uncle, Mr. J. H. Gent, together with his business as a manufacturing chemist. He is a Governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a member of the London Chamber of Commerce. In 1880 he married Blanche, daughter of the late Mr. W. Dixon of the Admiralty.



MR. THOMAS MILVAIN (C)
(Durham)

Fifth son of Henry Milvain, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was born 1844, and educated at Durham Grammar School and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. In 1865 he won the Inter-University Hurdle Race, and the Champion Hurdle Race, 1866. Is a barrister, and goes the North-Eastern Circuit; married Mary Alice, third daughter of the late John Henderson, M.P., of Leazes House, Durham.



MR. HENRY SETON-KARR (C)
(St. Helen's)

Son of the late Mr. G. B. Seton-Karr, who rendered important service during the Indian Mutiny as Resident Commissioner in the Southern Maratha Territory. Was born in India 1851. Educated at Harrow and Corpus Christi College, Oxford (M.A. 1879). Called to the Bar in 1877. Mr. Seton-Karr married Edith (who died in 1884), second daughter of Mr. W. Pilkington.



MR. J. T. BRUNNER (L)
(Cheshire, Northwich Division)

Is of Swiss extraction, and was born in 1842. In 1872 he and Mr. Ludwig Mond, the distinguished chemist, started the alkali works at Northwich, which are the largest in the world. Last July he presented a Free Public Library to Northwich. He married first, Salome, who died 1874, daughter of Mr. J. Davies of Liverpool, and secondly, Jane, daughter of the late Dr. Wyman, of Kettering.

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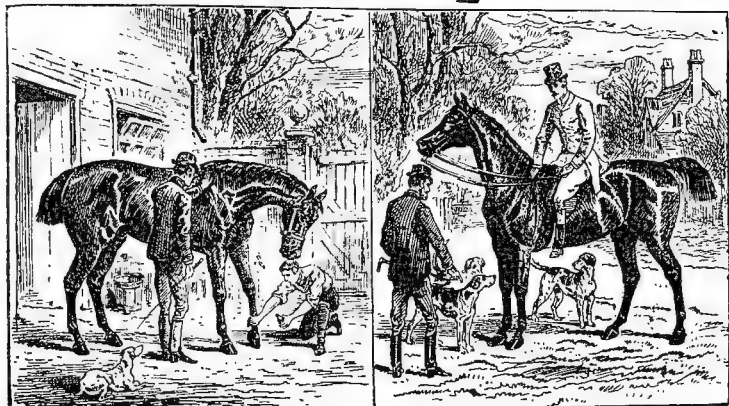
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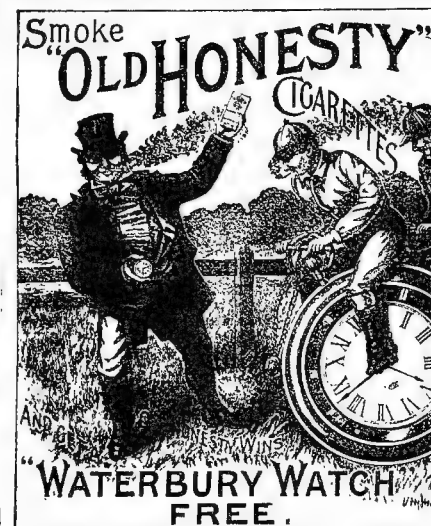
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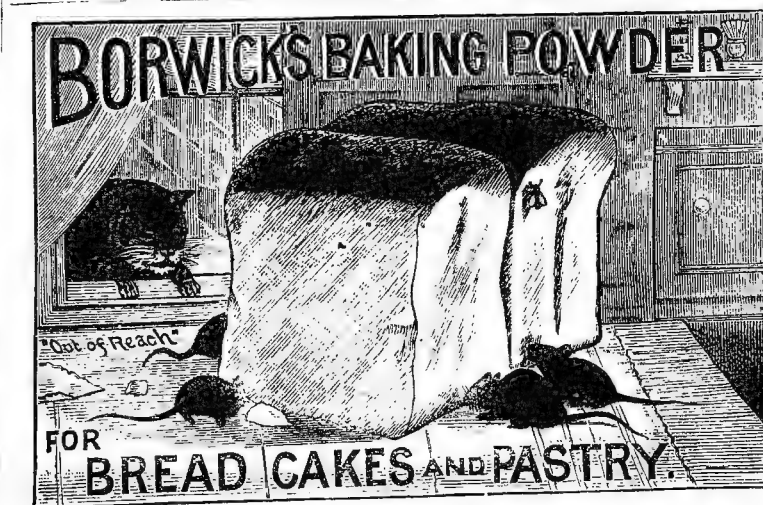
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These were the folk amongst whom I found myself as a painter. They were all I could have desired in picturesqueness; but with nearly every characteristic which should be absent from good models. Their ignorance in the matter of hours was my greatest difficulty. I found it out the first day I was in the

country, when a Burman who had undertaken to be my *cicerone* to the Pagoda arrived just two hours after the time arranged, and when it was, of course, far too hot to make such an excursion.

At first, when I had arranged with them to come to our house, I was surprised at their arriving some hours too late, and very often not at all. Later experience taught me never to expect them to keep an appointment; or, indeed, even to see them, unless I sent my servant to fetch them; and I soon found that, unless I went to them, and painted them at their own homes, I could never hope to carry on my profession amongst them. So each day's work entailed a drive of two, and very often three, miles in the sun, with my picture, paint-box, stool, easel, mahl-stick, sketch-book, Burmese Dictionary, and servant; the carriage coming back to fetch us when I had finished.

Then I and my servant had to carry all these things into position; and as it was often up two hundred steps to the platform of the Pagoda, I was wet through with perspiration by the time I was ready to paint. Then I had to cajole and blarney an astonished native into sitting, in a language of which I only knew a smattering, and in an atmosphere registering 100 deg. in the shade.

If my subject happened to be a sacred Phoongyie (priest), it meant a great deal of waiting on my part, with prostrating and negotiating on the part of my servant. If a young lady, my servant would, in a long whispered confabulation, explain my wishes and purpose; whilst a pre-occupied attention to my paints generally brought them to the scratch.

These really were my worst troubles. I met with very little opposition on the part of my sitters; and

the good manners, or the respect for my white blood, to sit it out; yet few could stand another morning of it, when I suggested coming again. In this way I often got as many as four sketches in one monastery, taking the inmates in order of seniority. But they liked my painting the room and its wonders very much better than themselves; and were delighted to see me appear when they knew that they were not to have the trouble of sitting, and could loaf away the day watching me. I knew an old Phoongyie who sat and watched me through opera glasses the whole morning; whenever I looked up I felt his eye on me from the other end of the room; first through the long end, then through the short.

These Phoongyies are sacred—to touch them would be a sacrilege, to shout at them infamous; indeed, to speak to them at all in common Burmese is like talking slang to an English clergyman, as they use a separate set of words—the high Burmese, called Pali. Imagine, then, my disgust when, unless I watched most carefully, they would put their dirty fingers on my morning's work to see if it would rub off! I could only make a few cursory remarks to myself in English, and frown. However, they are good old fellows, and I owe a great deal to them.

No money must ever go into the hands of the Phoongyies. Indeed, they are not supposed to want or to receive any, as they are mendicants, and the devout load them with presents. Therefore, I never paid them for their trouble or kindness, except once, when a stately old Phoongyie (and he must have been bad, or he would not so have transgressed Buddhist law) intimated to my servant that he would sit if I paid his railway-fare to Prome. When I had finished painting I innocently handed him the money, but, contemptuously turning his back on me, he walked away. My servant, who took the money, subsequently wrapped it in paper and put it under a mat, the priest pretending not to see the transaction. So he got his fare to Prome, and kept a clear conscience.

The inevitable Pariah dogs are to be seen by scores in the monastery compounds; and they used to snarl round my legs in the most alarming manner. It was anything but pleasant to have one's legs sniffed at by these growling brutes, with one's arms full of things. My appearance was always the signal for the most dismal howling and growling conceivable.

The young neophyte Phoongyies (of whom there are many in large monasteries) were also a great cause of alarm, by reason of their boyish pranks, but they showed their surprise at my appearance in rather a less disagreeable manner than the Pariah dogs.

I shall never forget the first day I painted in a monastery, and, indeed, in Burma at all. I was in a room some twelve feet from

the ground—for all the houses are built on piles, on account of the damp. What an excitement it caused! I was perfectly surrounded by lookers-on watching every action of my hand with the keenest interest, and being immensely amused when I squeezed out my



KAREN CHIEF



KAREN BOYS



YOUNG BURMESE LADY



ON THE SACRED PLATFORM OF THE RANGOON PAGODA



A RANGOON MATRON

colours from the tubes. Some squatted on the ground in front of me, and watched the whole morning without moving or speaking; and, to my surprise, when I looked out of the window, I found spectators were even viewing the proceedings from neighbouring trees.

When I had been some months in Rangoon my reputation as the "Pan'khyee" had become pretty generally known amongst the Burmese; but at first, what I was going to do caused great mystification. A solemn old chap would come and plant himself right between me and my subject, and look into my face in utter bewilderment, until shouted at to sit down by the admiring crowd behind me. After sitting there staring for some time, it would sud-



ONE OF MY MODELS

denly dawn upon him that it was only the back of the picture.

There was thus generally an audience of twenty or thirty people, into whom and on to whose toes I occasionally backed when wishing to view my work from a distance.

As I understood very little of what they said, I was not much bothered by their talking; but at times, and especially by the Phoongyies, whom I could not ignore, I was bored by the most stupid questions. They never would believe that I was not doing something for Government; and the first thing every one wanted to know was, what I was paid a month? To the end of my time in Rangoon I was called the "Royal Artist," and I don't know that it

none from rudeness, or religious notions, as Buddhists are most Broad Church, and fanaticism is unknown in Burma. Only in one monastery was I forced to paint without my boots, this being enforced out of reverence to the priesthood. More than half my pictures and sketches were made in these sacred monasteries of the priests. These Phoongyies, as a rule, are jolly old fellows; for though they are very ascetic, and fearfully emaciated, they are most tolerant of their frailer fellow-men.

Having got into a monastery and explained in a few words what I wanted, I used to arrange my various traps to the astonishment of the "yellow-robed brethren," and start work. The Abbot of the Monastery was generally immensely offended unless I did him first (there is no verb "to paint" in Burmese, so I "wrote" him, as they expressed it); but this great wish to be written was before they realised that I could not finish in two minutes like the photographers. However, they generally had



LITTLE BURMESE GIRL

their draperies run uninterruptedly on, totally disregarding all folds and creases.

Of course the boys and men were the least troublesome of my sitters, as the priests and women were the most so—the former undergoing the torture of sitting for a few annas, the latter for the gratification of seeing their beauty put on paper by an Englishman.

I was very lucky on first reaching Burma in making friends with an old native ex-Judge, Moun Oon. After having painted this good old fellow, he at once got me the *entrée* into most of his friends' houses, as well as into Phoongye monasteries, where he introduced me as the son of Bishop Titcomb, of Rangoon, though this was scarcely a recommendation in the eyes of a celibate priesthood! "The English are, indeed, a strange people," was probably their reflection.

Through him—for he was an influential personage—I painted the most interesting, as well as most troublesome, subject of any I undertook in the country. It was a Burmese girls' school. If I caused some consternation at first amongst the grown people, I caused very much more amongst these girls when I appeared one morning during school-time with all my apparatus for work.

In a room above the school, where all my little models were squatted on the ground at their lessons, I painted for four weeks, sketching each girl in turn, the mistress allowing them half-holidays for the occasions. The ages of these girls varied greatly; some were old enough to be bashful, and some so young as to need their mothers and sisters to amuse them while they sat.

At first they were desperately afraid of me; but, sooner or later, they all got over it, and at last, I think, looked forward to my coming; the elder ones forgetting their bashfulness, the younger ones their alarm.

Before their ugly features develop, Burmese girls are the dearest little things; and "got up," as they always were for the occasion—and as only Burmese girls can get themselves up—they looked most comic. Their faces are powdered to an extraordinary extent; their eyebrows pencilled, and their fingers covered with rings. And so they sat day after day until I had finished. Scores of people

was not good policy that I let them think so.

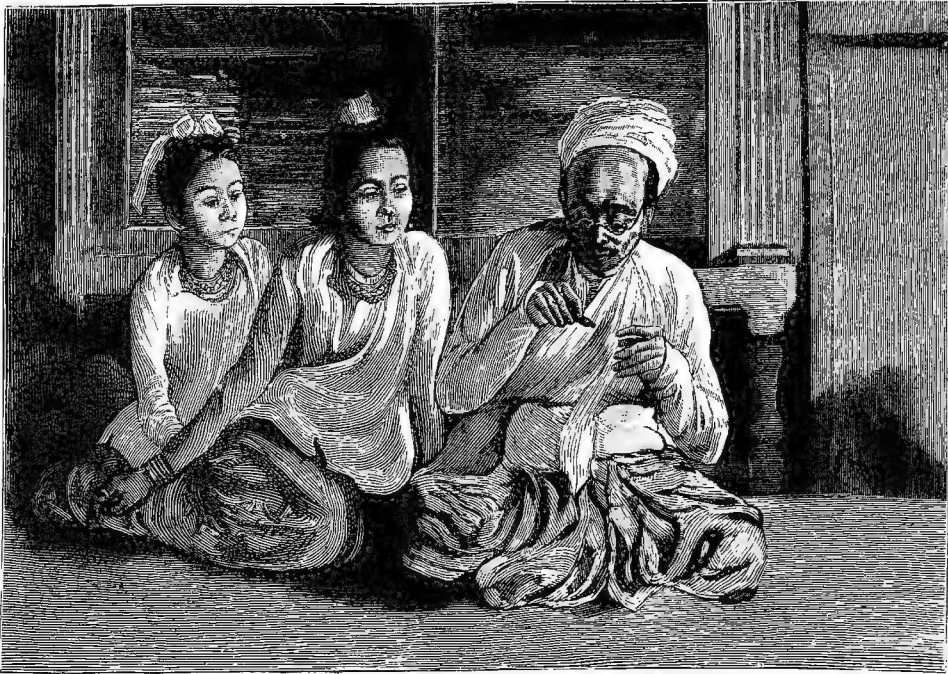
They showed wonderful intelligence in understanding the point of the pictures, and really were very quick in recognising their friends who appeared in them. In this, and in their polite behaviour behind me, they formed a great contrast to most English people who watch an artist at work.

The fact of the matter was, I exactly suited their tastes. I amused without giving them any trouble; and these, the idlest people in the world, found an occupation after their own hearts, viz., to lie in a cool spot, with their cheroots and betel nut, and watch, in quiet contemplation, somebody else at work.

Only two things puzzled them at first. One was that when I painted a profile they nearly always wondered where the opposite side of the face was. The other, that they mistook my shadows for dirt, and used to say of a face half in shadow, that it was "dirty on one side." In native paintings there are no shadows, and, more extraordinary still, the patterns of

I came to my work one day as usual, and found to my consternation that the roof was being re-tiled. Only those who know what a tropical sun is can realise what it would have meant to have sat there in the middle of the day. As, however, I had sent away my carriage before I found this out, I had to spend the day in the schoolroom doing nothing. Still I found the proceedings not altogether uninteresting; and noticed, amongst other things, that the rod was by no means spared; at one point the exasperated mistress caning the hands of the whole school. What the offence was I never could discover.

But painting manageable children was a treat compared with that of grown women whom I afterwards tackled. They were full of the most extraordinary fears and fancies; and, indeed, I could get very few comparatively to sit at all. They had all sorts of objections. Some were too bashful, some too lazy, and some entertained the funniest fears of me. I found these fears were shared by all alike at the same time, and that they were forgotten as soon as thought of, only to be replaced by new ones quite as ridiculous. For instance, at one time they got into their heads the insane idea that I should have their pictures printed on textile fabrics, and that they

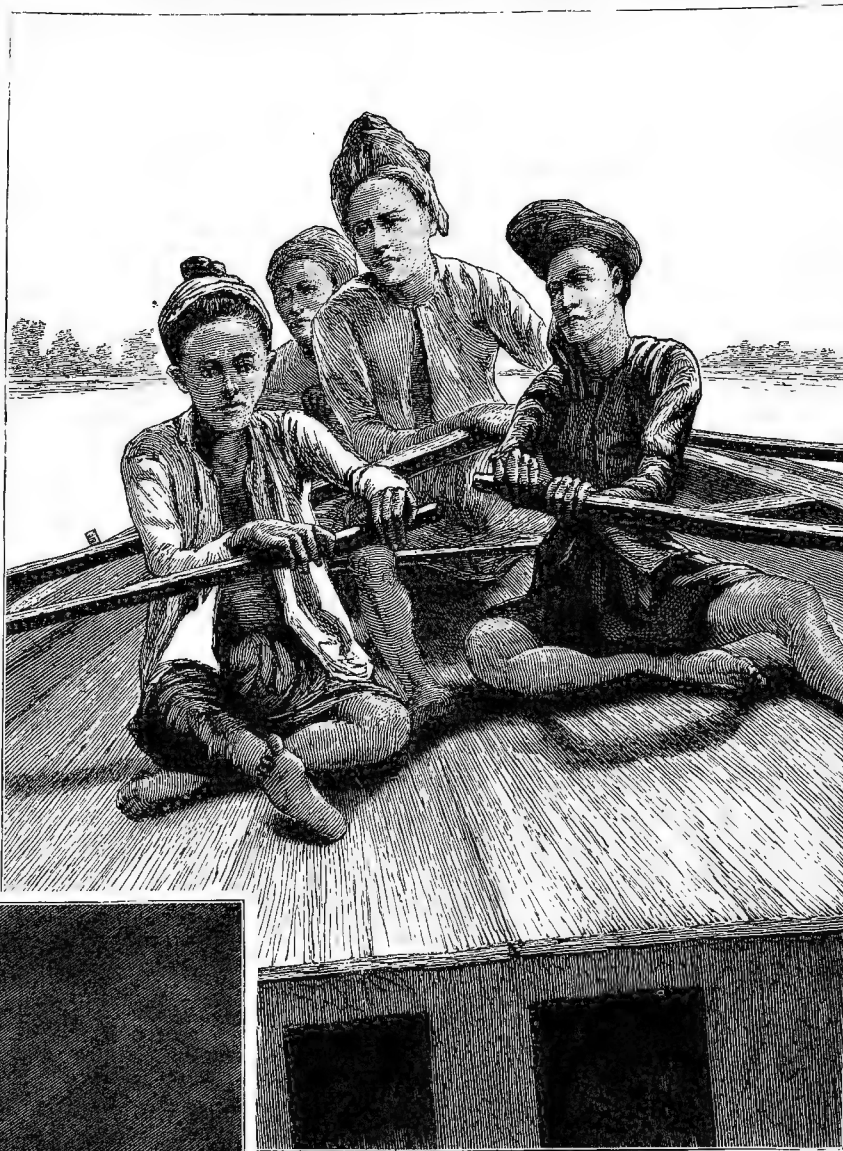


A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

mustn't; no, please, don't; oh! don't cry." But, being unable, I had to wait until she had had her cry out. She never, indeed, got over it, giving ominous and heartrending sobs and breath-catchings all the morning.

But more embarrassing sitters than all these were the girls who showed their willingness to be painted, in the novel way of wishing to marry me into the bargain. This happened twice; once when a girl whispered her wish to my servant, another time when the mother, with a hideous grin, said it was only the matter of 150 rupees.

The most willing to sit were desperately annoying, however, in their whims and fancies. In the first place, they always wanted to sit plump down in front of me, full face, with both hands spread out—all their fingers rigidly straight, so that their rings should be the most prominent part of the picture. It was the greatest hardship in the world to them to be put picturesquely, or in anything approaching a profile position, so particular were they that none of



UP THE SITTANG RIVER

would appear in every stall in the bazaars; and, at another, that it would be put in the newspapers they had sat to me. And more extraordinary still, at one time they thought (for they will believe any marvellous story of the wonders and inventions of the English) that I had, by painting, the power of seeing through their clothes; an idea which, for some time, all my expostulations, through an interpreter telling that I had neither the faculty nor the inclination, failed to remove.

In the jungle, where they are unused to seeing us, the women will run away and hide themselves from the all-piercing eye of the unfortunate and much-maligned Englishman.

I was never certain that those who had agreed to sit would not at the last moment back out of it. I frequently had to put up my traps and go home again, when, for some stupid reason or other, my fair model, after having faithfully promised to be painted, would stoutly refuse to sit, or even to show herself. I remember one woman in particular who said she could not sit before a streetful of people; and I dare say it was embarrassing, for it was a house perfectly open to the street, having no front walls; so she made a compromise by sitting upstairs in her sleeping-room, away from the curious eyes of the *canaille*. When her husband came home to breakfast they naturally asked why I was there.

One girl, whose parents made her sit to me, burst into tears on my beginning to draw. I felt such a cruel wretch, and wished to say all sorts of comforting things, such as, "Oh, no! you really



WATCHING ME PAINT

their adornments should be lost. They would make dozens of alterations in their dress before they had satisfied themselves that they would look their best, going back again and again to change their shawls, to dress their hair, over which they spend the fondest and most lavish care (at night hanging it on a nail against the wall), or to change or rearrange the flowers which adorn the head of every woman in the country at all seasons.

Having waited patiently for ever so long, just as I was about to begin up they would get to have a final peep into my little looking-glass, which I always took for their especial benefit, or to put on another layer of their face-powder. And in about half an hour, slowly but surely, down those powdered cheeks would steal, oh, horrors! the cold, cold perspiration, leaving a brown and most unpicturesque furrow;



EX-JUDGE MOUN OON (C.I.E.) RANGOON

used to come and watch me paint that picture; and, the house being in a main street, there was generally a goodly crowd in the road beneath gazing up at me.



A TWANTAI BEAUTY

and then they would begin to say, "Thak-kin (*i.e.*, sir), have you not nearly finished?"

Burmese ladies have scarcely a thought beyond their personal appearance, and spend many more hours a day over their toilet than the most conceited European girls. None but those who have seen it would believe the time and trouble they spend over their hair.



BURMESE BOY

If I arrived at the house of my sitter before she was ready for me, I was edified by the sight of her at this wonderful toilet. It never seemed to strike them that I should be disgusted with their conceit. There I had to wait and watch her, sitting on the ground, in a most pronounced *déshabille*, before her glass, working really hard at her dressing, and all for my benefit; indeed, I was generally appealed to as to what hair or flower they should select, and I was expected to show the greatest solicitude imaginable in making the choice.

I greatly preferred these bothers, however, to having them up to our house; for they became so free and easy and impudent, and used to come in such numbers—

many more than I sent for, or could possibly paint—and made themselves so thoroughly at home, that we found them an emphatic nuisance. They wandered about everywhere, touching everything in the house, and picking half the flowers in the garden, so that the place had the appearance of a native quarter. They even had the cool cheek to go upstairs into the bedrooms, and used to go to sleep (and they have a wonderful faculty for sleep) in all sorts of nooks and corners. One day my reverend father, going into his study for a book, nearly fell over a girl, who was stretched across the doorway wrapped in sweet slumber on the floor!

I might have put up with these inconveniences, but they considered my having sent for them once as a general invitation to come

These people live in the most natural state conceivable. The little boys seemed to carry their clothes instead of wearing them, for I used to see them marching about with their little dresses ("putzoos") over their shoulders, in a state of nature; just as if our village boys were to take off their little trousers and wind them round their necks. A piece of string worn round the waist, with a



BURMESE LADY

bead or charm at the end, is the common dress of the very little girls.

Like most picturesque people, the Karens are not fond of washing; indeed, it is their boast that they only bathe to cool themselves, and their appearance certainly justifies the assertion.

A Karen boy, who spoke a little English, asked me whether I had lice in my head. Of course I said, "No, certainly not." "Haven't you?" he said, "we all have!"

I think our sudden departure from them, owing to my father's sad accident, was a relief to the community in general, for I was regarded with the utmost horror, as being a kind of magician practising a new and strange enchantment, and having a mysterious power. Had I been six months amongst them I don't suppose I could have done much painting, as they were so dreadfully afraid of me that, towards the end of our visit, my appearance out of doors was the signal for the entire female population to rush pell-mell into their houses.

I went, with a friend, to a small Burmese village, called Twantai, where we spent a most enjoyable, or rather amusing, week; for we had too many discomforts for it to be very enjoyable. He went to shoot, and I to paint.

The distance of Twantai from Rangoon is twenty-three miles; yet so slow is creek travelling that we took two days over the journey. The nights were the most miserable of our lives, spent in a small open boat in a muddy creek, cold, smelling, and mosquitoey. Boats going in the opposite direction, only passing by brute force, it was "boat-bumping" with a vengeance. On another page appears a sketch of the sort of craft that came into collision with us.

I had to nurse the canvases I had taken to paint on all through the night to prevent their being swept away by some projecting spar of a passing boat. Our little wicker-work roof very soon went. Our one prayer when we arrived at our destination was, that we might for ever be spared such another night.

We stayed with the head man of the village in a very good house

built over the river on piles, about six feet from the surface of the water. Here for a week we lived on Burmese food, adopting Burmese manners and dress.

Pouëys were given in our honour, and we were thoroughly lionised, Englishmen being a novel sight to most of them.

This village is noted for its beauties; all the girls who danced



"A CALL TO WORSHIP" (INTERIOR OF BUDDHIST MONASTERY)



"ENJOYING HERSELF"

whenever they liked; and they used to turn up when I least expected or wanted them—sometimes when we had friends—but never at the right hour.

Owing to their timidity, the Karens made poor subjects for an artist; and during the six weeks I was amongst them I produced little else than pencil sketches.

before the Viceroy on his late visit to Burma being natives of it. But the native idea of beauty differs slightly from ours, flat noses, oblique eyes, and square shoulders being marks, in their opinion, of extreme loveliness. And as their stupid scruples and odd whims were in proportion to their extra beauty, they were more troublesome to paint than their plainer sisters.

For instance, only the girls who had danced in the first row, and those who had worn yellow "tameines" (dresses) were allowed to sit to me, and, as they all insisted on sitting in the same position, they were nearly all alike. Then they all wanted to be painted first, and none would be painted on the same canvas with the others. So I had to scheme. I covered each figure as I had done it with a cloth to make them believe I was painting a separate picture of



BUDDHIST GIRLS' SCHOOL IN RANGOON

each. The consequence of this, however, was that, notwithstanding sly glances I took from time to time at the figures covered up, which I had painted on previous days, when I thought they weren't looking, I got them nearly all different sizes, and once, the cloth falling off, disclosed my *ruse*! I actually persuaded one simple girl that I could paint her face although she sat with her back to



HAVING A WEED

me, showing her from time to time one of the others, done on a previous day, and I think she would never have found out how she was being deceived, had it not suddenly struck her that I had painted her shawl pink, whereas she was wearing a yellow



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA"

one. This was the only way I ever got a Burmese girl to be painted in back view, and the only occasion in which the plan succeeded.

It was rather amusing that there should have been living in this village a celebrated native artist whose pictures had, doubtless,

obtained for him a justly-deserved reputation. He used to sit behind us and brood over my pictures, and was turned out of the house by our host two or three times for making disparaging remarks, though they were lost on me. He was, of course, very loth to admit excellence in my work, or correctness in the drawing, and once, in disgust, asking me for my sketch-book, drew a head for me. Though the drawing was scarcely according to our idea of Art, I think it awfully good, considering he drew it, in the attitude in which all Burmese artists paint, lying flat on his stomach on the ground.

We had to go through a great deal of red-tapeism to get these girls to sit, going with the sons of our host to call on them to ask leave of their parents, and then again to thank them for having sat. These people were quite peasants, their houses innocent of chairs or seats of any description. Sitting on the ground in the obscurity of one rushlight, it was a picturesque sight, and not altogether unpleasant. As we talked, scores of people dropped in, forming a circle round us, and leaning forward on their hands, thoroughly taking us in with earnest gazes, ourselves, the daughters, and the mother in the centre. Amongst other trials on these occasions was having our cheeroots held in these ladies' mouths while they lighted them from their own; for they were much too polite to allow us to light them ourselves. We didn't mind the daughters doing this, but old Burmese women's mouths were a different thing. I always gave mine a sly wipe.

It was the last night of this sort of thing, as we were leaving to return to Rangoon the next morning, and were paying sort of P.P.C. card visits all round, that we almost got into a brawl.

We had been warned that this village was rather disaffected towards our Government, but had not credited it. I was in the act of writing my name beneath a little sketch of one of the girls that I had made for her, when thump! thump! came a stone against the reed walls of the house. It was disagreeable, to say the least of it, as every moment

the stones threatened to come through, and somebody must have been hurt. We sent out a pretty plain message that, unless the stone-throwing were instantly stopped, we would report the matter to the Chief Commissioner, and this had the desired effect. It was evidently only a hint that our attentions to their beauties had gone far enough; but emerging legs first down a rickety ladder into the dark night, expecting every moment to have a stone against our heads, was anything but pleasant.

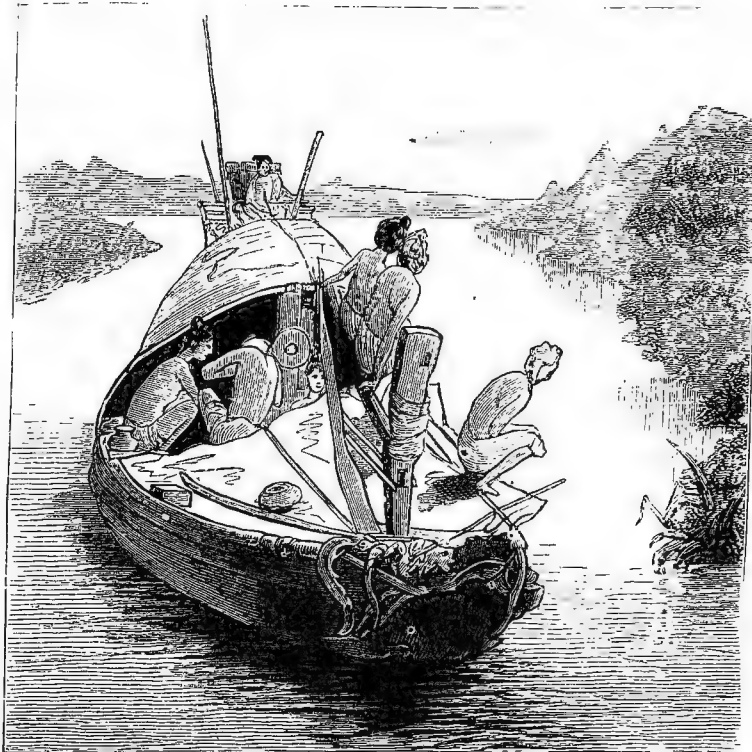
The next morning when we left the village twenty-three men were in the lock-up on suspicion, and it is needless to say that my rival brother-brush was amongst the number. I have no doubt, however, that they were released as soon as we were gone, for we heard nothing of the affair when we got back to Rangoon. Our old friend, the head of the village, was probably "bought off" to let the matter drop, and not report it at headquarters.

Of all the people who sat to me in Burma the men were the most tractable, the Phoongyies next, the children and women last. The former I got to sit by money and flattery, the latter by smiles and cajolery.

For this reason the men were better models than the women, because, after the first day, my smiles and sweet speeches lost their freshness to the women; whereas the daily payment of eight annas to the men always made some amends for the dreadful bother of sitting in one position for so long.

With a people to whom the bare fact of existence seems a bother, it was not to be wondered at that I was considered a nuisance. When I was once at work, and they thought there was no fear of being pitched upon to sit, they came in crowds to watch me; but when I first arrived with my traps for a morning's work, the whole place was

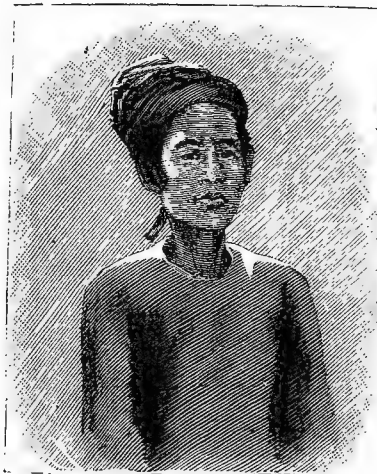
deserted, and only heads at distant windows and whispers behind doors told me that my presence was noticed. Presently some unsuspecting person, who had not seen me before, would come up, brim-full of curiosity to see what I was going to do; in two minutes my servant would have the poor wretch seated in front of me, and, before he realised his position, out came all the faint-hearted loafers



RIVER TRAVELLING

to congratulate him on his good fortune in being "written" by "Tha-khin."

I had many bids for my pictures, but, as they valued them generally at about five rupees, I never got a purchaser. I gave away a



BOATMAN

few sketches to Phoongyies who had given presents to me. They will probably be kept as relics amongst the curiosities of the monasteries, like the sacred books that some travellers in Upper Burma were shown, as being priceless and mysterious treasures, wrapped in silk cloths and kept in profound secrecy, and which turned out to be two early numbers of an illustrated paper.

W. H. TITCOMB



AT A BURMESE POOEY (PLAY)



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Here, palpable and obvious, was a proof of sincerity."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Moral Father," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

DR. BRÜN was noticeable by reason of a lofty dome of forehead, and the eyes of a very lynx. Both O'Rourke and Frost recognised him as the original of the companion figure to Zeno in the chance portrait of the pair which had been discovered at Janenne. When Dobroski had had the pistolgraph enlarged, and had distributed copies amongst those who were concerned to have them, he had warned both the Patriot and Frost. This man was a Pole, by whatever name he went, or to whatever nationality he pretended. He had been a professed patriot and conspirator, and had denounced his fellow-brothers to the Russian Government. For years he had been high in his base employment, and Dobroski's pitiless and implacable enemy. Zeno—so the old man was certain—was but a tool in his hands; one of many such instruments scattered up and down Europe.

"You sent for me, Mr. Vroblewskoff?" said the new comer in English, faintly tinged with a foreign accent.

"Permit me to introduce to you," returned Zeno, "Mr. Hector O'Rourke, Member of Parliament."

"I am charmed to meet Mr. O'Rourke," said Dr. Brün, bowing.

"I have heard much of him."

"Permit me to introduce also Mr. George Frost," said Zeno. "Mr. Frost is a member of an Irish brotherhood. Until this morning he was in my service. To-day he chooses to leave me."

Dr. Brün's eyes seemed to Frost as if they bored and burned a way through him.

"Why?" he asked.

"He thinks I am in danger," Zeno answered.

"Tell me why you sent for me," said Dr. Brün, speaking in Polish. "Do either of these men understand us?"

"Neither," said Zeno. He told his story. He had played with the child in Janenne to give himself a gay and kindly and generally prepossessing character. Besides that, the play was sometimes a good pretence when he wanted to listen. That morning the child had recognised his voice, and had called out his name. This blundering traitor's face—indicating Frost—had completed the betrayal. Happily Dobroski had heard nothing, and suspected nothing. Rapidity of action was above all things desirable now, however, and since everything was in train it would be well to proceed to the close.

"Good," said the chief. "And why am I sent for?"

O'Rourke, explained Zeno, demanded hush-money. How much? Eleven hundred pounds.

"It will be better to pay him," said Zeno, "than to temporise with him. He has a dozen telegrams in his pocket addressed to as many members of Dobroski's English friends, bidding them watch every dock and station, and saying who I am. Of course it would be possible to employ a new man in my place, and to instruct him in my plan. But—I would urge it respectfully, sir—I think that, since the plan is mine, I deserve to put it into action."

"That is a consideration I should like to make allowance for," said Dr. Brün. "When can you be ready?"

"I am ready now," returned Zeno, eagerly, "if you can send me a trusted man, with important news for Dobroski."

"Easy enough. You could then send for Dobroski?" He turned to O'Rourke. "We think your demand a little excessive, sir."

"Come, come!" said O'Rourke. "Look at it from my side. Think how excessive I might have been."

"You are too shrewd to press too far."

"I simply transfer a little private load of my own to broader shoulders."

"Well, sir, well," returned the other. "Have we writing materials here? Will you kindly give me a receipt?"

"How shall I couch it?"

"Let me see. 'I, Hector O'Rourke, Member of Parliament for Bangor—'" O'Rourke looked up at him.

"I have the honour to be personally known to you, Dr. Brün?" There was a spice of satire in the tone.

"Excellently well, sir," returned the Doctor, with a momentary twinkle of the keen eyes. "For Bangor—yes. 'For Bangor, having surprised the secret of Mr. Vroblewskoff's identity, claim in payment for my absolute silence with regard to it, the sum of eleven hundred pounds. And I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the said sum of eleven hundred pounds from Dr. Brün, of 38, Hollington Place, London.' Now, will you kindly sign and date that, sir? Thank you."

Dr. Brün reached out a hand for the document O'Rourke had written to his dictation, but the Patriot having carefully dried the writing with a sheet of blotting paper, folded up the leaf of paper and disposed of it in his waistcoat pocket. Dr. Brün, smiling at him, drew forth a cheque book, wrote out a cheque, and passed it across the table.

"Might I trouble you to cash that cheque for me, Dr. Brün?" asked O'Rourke.

"Certainly," replied the doctor. "I can be here again in half-an-hour."

With that he took up his hat and left the room. There was silence for perhaps ten minutes, when Zeno turned upon Frost with a sudden snarl.

"You shall be paid for your share in this. You, you dog!"

"It's no fault o' mine," said Frost sullenly. "I've got my skin to take care of. Seems to me Mr. O'Rourke's let you down wonderful easy. I don't see what right you've got to grumble. You won't pay a cent, I reckon."

"Mr. O'Rourke found his market, and took advantage of it like a man of business.—If I had known earlier, sir, that you were likely to enter upon business of this kind, I should have been honoured by your collaboration. It soils a man," added Mr. Zeno disgustedly, "to work with a thing like this."

"I do not think I am likely to be of further service to you," returned O'Rourke. Nothing he could think of was of much comfort to him, and Zeno's approval was the last thing in the world he would have asked for. He began to walk up and down the room again, and Frost swaggered to himself as he stood at the window with a careful eye on Zeno. There was no further word spoken until Dr. Brün returned. He counted out the money O'Rourke had bargained for, and received the written acknowledgment for it.

"And now," asked O'Rourke, "may we consider this transaction as being closed on your side?"

"If closed on yours, sir," replied the Doctor, "it is closed on ours. I do not take, and my chiefs will not take your demand as an offence."

"Thank you," said O'Rourke. "Will you allow me to explain one little circumstance. Mr. Frost was in my pay before he was in yours. I think so."

"I was. Years," said Frost.

"Mr. Vroblewskoff proposed to leave him, and in those circumstances I was able to buy him back by a promise that he should run no danger. In your absence he has been threatened. Now I feel that I am bound to keep my promise."

"Certainly," said Dr. Brün, with grave readiness, "certainly. We employ Mr. Frost no more, of course, but we rely upon his secrecy. If Mr. Frost should prove uncomfortable to us it is likely that he might be the chief sufferer from his own indiscretion. I could not undertake to protect him if he should put in danger the life of a colleague, for example. I never threaten, sir,"—he turned to Frost to say this—"There is nothing more useless than a threat. But it is well for you to quite understand that your safety depends upon your silence."

"I'm going to be as dumb," said Frost, with his air of uneasy swagger, "as a stewed oyster."

"Is there anything more to say?" asked Mr. Zeno's chief. "Nothing, I fancy," said O'Rourke. He bowed to the two and left the room, Frost following closely. "You can pay for the luncheon," he said, turning to Frost upon the stairs, "and then come home with me."

Frost obeyed, and nothing was said between them until they had reached their destination. Then O'Rourke paid the man in possession, and so got rid of him. Something made him anxious to clear himself, even in Frost's eyes.

"I would never have touched the money of those rascals at all if it hadn't been for that fellow," he said. "He has had charge of my household goods these three days."

"They're fair game," returned Frost. "They're low cattle." "If I were you," said O'Rourke, "I would try my best to refrain from despising anybody. Now, I have made a promise to you, contingent on a promise made by you to me."

"I kept my share of the bargain," cried Frost. "You wouldn't have had 'em so on toast if it hadn't been for me."

"You undertook to make a clean breast of it," said O'Rourke. "What do you know of their plans?"

"I wasn't let know much," Frost answered. "Vroblewskoff was always as close as wax. But I guessed a bit, and I think I've got an inkling as to what they're up to." He was so meanly anxious to propitiate O'Rourke that he was ready to invent anything, or to disclose anything. He decided, as a means to personal safety, to disclose rather than invent. "I think," he said, leaning forward, and speaking in a whisper, "they want to get the old man away—spirit him out o' the country."

"Dobroski?"

"Dobroski. Vroblewskoff's in the pay of the Russian Government, and the old man's been in the very middle of all the plots against the Czar and the Government this fifty year. It's my notion they want to get him into Russia and squeeze things out of him, there. I guess they'll make it warm for him if ever they do get him into the Czar's dominions."

"But he will never be ass enough to go there," said O'Rourke half to himself. This was horrible if it were to be believed. To have left spies at liberty to dog the old man and frustrate his plans was bad and base enough, since he who did it, and was paid for doing it, had professed to be with him heart and soul, but to hand him over to his enemies was worse. "No, no," he said, "Dobroski's too wily to be caught by any trap of the Russians. He knows better than venture into any part of the Czar's dominions."

"They ain't going to ask his leave," whispered Frost. "I'm certain about one thing, and I can average the rest. They're going to drug him. I'm sure of that. Zeno's been at me—Vroblewskoff's been at me, I mean. Cuss the man, what's it matter what I call him here? He's been at me about how to give a man a drug over and over again. Look here, he's bran new-furnished his rooms. I caught a chap making sketches of the walls one day. Ugly as sin the house was too, and a fellow there making pictures of the inside of it. Wait a bit. You help to hunt this down. He sent me down to the railway station with a lot of packing-cases—one lot for Calais and another for Vienna. His rooms didn't stand in want of new furnishin' a bit, and these yer packin'-cases came from the same establishment he got his furniture from. Do you see anything in all that, now?"

"Nothing," O'Rourke confessed. "Nothing." He began to think that Frost was inventing some sham secret to keep back what he knew, and he watched and listened keenly, but with no great appearance of interest.

"I try a bit further," said Frost, still leaning forward and speaking in a whisper. "This struck me as being all a little bit queer. I wasn't let know much, and it kind of piqued me, so I took a walk into Tottenham Court Road, and I got into talk with a warehouseman. I wasn't long in finding out what I'd guessed to be about the thing before. The stock for Calais was the same as the stock for Vienna, and the stock for Vienna was the same, to a teacup, as had gone to Zeno's rooms. Anything in all that, now?" The Patriot's eyes were bent upon the floor, and his face was shaded in his hand. "Three sets o' rooms furnished alike to a hair. Calais is on the way to Vienna. Vienna's on the way to a good many places, but I reckon the Russian frontier's on the list, ain't it! Drawings made of the very darned old walls to have everything put in the same place. I don't lay out to be soopernatural, but I ain't such a born woodenhead I can't make a guess as to what all that means. It's cute, but Zeno's as cute as the devil."

"Do you happen to know," said O'Rourke, suddenly turning on his companion, and seizing him by the wrist, "if Austin Farley's new novel is on the bookstalls yet?" His look was triumphant for the moment, and indeed he thought he had trapped Frost with great neatness. Farley had never written a book with the theme of which O'Rourke had not been made acquainted long before its first page had reached the public, and he knew this story perfectly. Frost did not look in the least disconcerted. On the contrary, his eyes took a new light of certainty, and he slapped the table emphatically with the hand O'Rourke had left at liberty.

"Austin Farley?" he cried, with a voice of triumph. "It was him that guessed that Zeno was a spy. And I couldn't make out how in thunder it was that he was so sweet on him in spite of that. Said he was a pearl of men, and a man of genius. Said he'd love him for a collaborator. I asked him what set him admiring Farley, and he said it was his native talent. If Farley's done a book like that, he's got his idea out of it, that's positive."

O'Rourke knew Frost for an unblushing liar, but it was improbable to his mind that Farley's book could be out as yet. He had only begun it at Janenne, and had talked of spending a year's hard work at it. Farley had grown intimate with Dobroski, and might perhaps have appealed to him for assistance, and have unfolded to him the scheme of his story. Anyhow, the scheme was practicable in the hands of cautious and determined men, and since Frost knew of it there was no reason why Zeno should not also know it. Was it then to this that he, himself, had sold Dobroski?

He tried to fence himself from that question by a thousand sophistries, such as that he had nothing to do with this proposed villainy—that it would have been executed if it were on the cards at all, without any knowledge or responsibility of his—that he had done nothing to help it or to hasten it; but through all these flimsy guards conscience broke at every blow she struck. Conscience had only lately begun to awake at all, but she was vigorous now, and struck home again and again, and again. He was wretched to the core, and hated and despised himself in spite of his protective sophistries, but the sheer impossibility of going back confronted him, and he felt helpless.

He dismissed Frost, and wandered out into the streets, striving to banish his own thoughts. If he had the money intact, he told himself, he would go back to Zeno, surrender it, and bid him leave the country for his own safety. One would have to go armed on an errand like that perhaps, for it might be even physically dangerous to trust himself alone with Zeno as the bearer of such a message. This reflection brought him to a stand before a gunmaker's window, where lay row on row of revolvers, beautifully finished. In his own quick imaginative way he saw himself entering the shop, bargaining for one of those weapons, buying cartridges to fit it, going home to load it, carrying back the money to Zeno. Zeno's hand went like lightning to his breast pocket, as it had gone that morning in reality, but O'Rourke's fancy was too quick for him, and the spy quailed

before the Patriot's recent purchase. Then with a dreary laugh at himself, he awoke and sauntered on again.

Next a bookseller's window attracted him, and after gazing for a little while at it, he thought of Farley and the scheme Frost had unfolded. He entered the shop and asked for Farley's latest book. The shopman offered him "Fireflies."

"No," said O'Rourke. "The latest. The one after this." "There is nothing since this, sir," said the shopman. "There's a statement in last week's *Athenaeum* that Mr. Farley has begun a new work. Deals with Russia, and the dynamite people."

"I have read this," said O'Rourke, laying down the book. "I had thought there was another."

He left the shop and wandered on again. "You have been but a poor specimen of honour all along," said conscience. "A false friend, and a pretender in love. A humbug from your cradle, Hector! But you never fell to this depth before. Let this black deed be done, and you are a villain absolute."

He walked on gloomily, not knowing whither he went, and not caring, and conscience struck him hot and hard all the way. Yet what could he do? Nothing, but torment himself, until the thing was done. And afterwards, for ever.

CHAPTER XLII.

WITH his hat tilted over his brows, and a thumb thrust into either trouser pocket, he walked on staring at the pavement. Suddenly a timid voice breathed his name, and looking up with a great start, he beheld the widow, who stood near him with pale face, eyes swollen with many recent tears, and clasped petitioning hands.

"Hector," said the widow, in a frightened and appealing voice. "Julia," he answered. He was glad that his own face was pale, and that his eyes were haggard with trouble. He was rejoiced that he was dejected in mien and careless in dress. He knew that his own start of surprise had been too real to be imagined a pretence for an instant.

Mrs. Spry had been driving homewards after a visit to Angela. When she had once got over the attack of hysteria in which she had seen the list of the disgraced and discarded Patriot, she had gone home and spent the night in crying. Next day she had driven back to Angela, not altogether without a hope that O'Rourke might have done something in the meanwhile to clear himself, or that Angela might somehow, for some reason or no reason, have seen fit to change her mind about him, and give him back his fair fame again. And now on her homeward way she had seen O'Rourke approaching with an attitude full of weariness and dejection. The sun of the early evening shone level on his beautiful gold brown beard, and sadly as he walked, his figure was still noble majesty in undeserved distress! Or if deserved, still in distress, and still majestic. And the little woman loved and worshipped him with her whole heart and soul, and grieved over him with a passion which seemed altogether disproportioned to the forces of her nature. What was easier in the world to believe than that he had cared a little for Angela, and had then grown to care more for her? Or what was more easily hopeful than that he might have begun by thinking of her money, and had gone on to love her for herself? She remembered how he had looked at her in the railway carriage between London and Dover, how he had taken her hand in the other railway carriage between Brussels and Janenne, how his arms had enfolded her at Houfroy. Oh, surely, it was easy to believe he really loved her. Surely it was hard to believe him a pretender.

When she saw the sad worshipped figure in the street, she arrested her coachman, scarcely thinking what she did, and alighting, stood on the footpath to await O'Rourke. Her nervous hands lifted the heavy veil she had been wearing to hide her swollen eyes, but the action was altogether unconscious.

"I—I ought not to speak to you," she said flatteringly. "But I couldn't help it, Hector. I want you to tell me the truth. The real truth."

She thought that this was what she wanted, but, feeble and foolish as she was, she was only following in the track the wisest of people had marked out before her. She wanted to be told that he loved her—that the misery of these late days was all built up on a cruel mistake, and that he was hers, and only hers, now and henceforward, whatever he might have been. O'Rourke saw it all, and his heart arose within him anew, with so keen and piercing a pang of triumph that he had never felt the like.

"Julia," he said, "I have nothing but the truth to tell you." He was half reproachful, wholly pitying and devoted in his looks. "May I drive home with you? May I tell you everything?"

"Yes," she said, laying both hands upon her heart, and fluttering painfully. "Come. Tell me the truth."

O'Rourke lent her his hand, and assisted her to mount into the carriage. He squeezed with a genuine ardour the little fingers that held his with so hysterical pressure. He also got into the carriage, and seated himself beside her. She gave the coachman the word for home, and that functionary drove away as stolidly as if he had been purely mechanical, though it can hardly have been possible that he did not long to look behind.

Home was soon reached, and the little widow and her recovered deity were soon alone.

"Hector," she said, "if you don't tell me the truth I'll never forgive you."

Her knees trembled, and she had to sit down. He stood looking gravely and pityingly into her tearful and red-rimmed eyes.

"Julia," he answered, "it is very hard for a man to say what I have to say—what I must say. But when I know that my life-long happiness depends upon it, and perhaps yours, for my heart flatters me so far as to make me believe you love me, unworthy as I am—"

"Tell me the truth," implored Julia, and so saved him from what he felt to be an awkward period.

"Under any less pressure than this," he answered, "it would be unmanly to tell it. But the whole truth is that a woman's unfounded and unreasonable jealousy has parted us and made us both unhappy."

At this Mrs. Spry's strength returned to her. She arose to her feet and seized him by both hands.

"Hector," she said, "I told her so. But she said she hated you."

The smile that answered this was real enough. The Patriot had all along believed himself to have inspired the tenderest interest in Angela's heart. He had been certain that he had but to ask and to have. He was as sure of that in his own mind at this moment as he had ever been.

"My darling," said O'Rourke, with a lofty and yet tender remonstrance, "do you see how impossible, how cruelly impossible you made it for me to defend myself properly in her presence? Don't you see how still more cruelly impossible it was for me to defend myself when Maskelyne appeared? How could I wound Maskelyne? A man I've loved like a brother this ten years! A man who has heaped countless benefits on me! A man who has acted towards me with a constant kindness. Julia, I swear to you by all I hold sacred that I knew Miss Butler's predilection for myself before you and I ever met. If you and I had never met—I confess it! You ask me for the truth, Julia, and you shall have it all without disguise! If you and I had never met—I might have brought myself to look upon Miss Butler as a charming and suitable future wife for me. But that I ever loved her, that I ever told her so, or gave her reason to hope so or believe so, is profoundly false. I have never loved a woman until I met you. I have never breathed a word of love to any woman but yourself.

You will believe me some day. I can go away and wait. And even if we meet no more I have a certain prophecy in my own heart. You will understand me and do me justice."

"Don't go, Hector," said the widow. During the whole of his harangue she had held his hands and had kept her eyes fixed upon his, and he had endured her gaze like an honest man, and had returned it with a sad and gentle gravity inexpressibly affecting. "Don't go, Hector!"

He had not the remotest intention that way. He was not in the least a lachrymose creature, and had never found it necessary to have tears at command, but what with the prodigious spiritual strain he had been under, and what with the merely physical fact that his eyes were tired, and that the fixed gaze made them ache a little, his grave and gentle look was obscured by a few thin tears. He knew that they were there, and counted on them to be effective. When they had fairly over-brimmed and had run down into his beard, tickling their channel somewhat in their course, he turned his head away.

"Hector," said the widow, "don't go!"

"Julia," he responded, with the same sad gravity, "I cannot submit to be forgiven for faults I have never committed. I cannot consent to be suspected. And I cannot consent to darken your life as I should darken it if I came back to you without your full and complete confidence. Can you truly and really believe me?"

"Yes," she said. "I do. I do. Indeed, indeed, I do."

"There may be those," he said, "there will be those who from jealousy or spite will try to poison your mind against me. There is only one antidote to their poison—a full and perfect faith. Julia, I love you. I love you with all my heart, with all my soul. But empty-handed as I come to you, and emptier still as I should go away, bankrupt in heart and bankrupt in hope, I would rather leave you here and now, and never see you more, than be exposed again to the shame and misery of these two days. Look well into your own heart, dearest. Be sure that you are strong enough in love for me to be able to despise the shafts that will assail you."

The poor thing, with both arms round his neck, was crying on his breast.

"Don't, Hector! Oh, don't! I'll never doubt you any more, Hector! I can't bear to live without you. You will love me, won't you? Oh, Hector, if you didn't love me I should break my heart and die!"

He was a scoundrel, thrice tried and proved, and yet this touched him nearly. It would not have been easy to have been altogether false in protestation in answer to an appeal like this. To begin with the Patriot was a man and a young one, and the widow was a woman and a pretty one. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her as she had never been kissed before. His new-born vehemence half frightened her. He vowed and swore he loved her, and dropping on his knees he smothered her hands with kisses. It took a full three or four minutes to sober him down from this transport, and then he began to plead for an immediate union. Why should they wait? What was there to wait for? Why should she run the risk of being assailed by these envious tongues again?

She struggled a little and ended by giving way. They were to be married at once, privately, and by special licence. And when all this was agreed on the Patriot gave the lady an astonishment. He dropped his head on his hands on the elbow of a sofa, and cried there. His triumph here, his fasting of the last two or three days, his betrayal of Dobroski, his mad joy and his shame, all tugged at him, and between them—with his own consent—they got him down. It was an absolute and scarcely describable relief to yield, but he would never have yielded had he been alone. Julia hung about him soothing him, pitying him profoundly, and yet rejoicing in these signs of emotion. Here, palpable and obvious, was a proof of sincerity. She did not tell herself so, for there was no need to express to herself a truth so self-evident. No man could simulate a storm like this.

"I am ashamed," he said, "ashamed!" when he looked up with wet eyes and face. "But I have borne more than I ever can tell you. Don't despise me, dear, for being so unmanly."

Despise him! And unmanly! She thought the tears altogether sacred. She kissed the little lace-bordered and scented trifle with which she dried them on his face.

"If you had sent me away I would never have shown you a sign of this, though I had died to hide it," he told her. If his declarations were all a little florid, and sometimes expressed with the least tone of romantic swing and rhythm in their phrase, he knew to whom he was talking, and adapted himself to his listener, which is the highest and the surest mark of a fine talker.

The big, expressive eyes and the saucily tilted nose were swollen and disfigured, but the little mouth, with its lips trembling with sensitiveness, and the pearly rows behind the lips, were just as delightful as ever. She prattled with so innocent a joyfulness, and looked with so flatteringly a worship, that O'Rourke was more and more in love with her every minute.

But at last—

"You must go now," she said, blushing and smilingly. "I have a thousand things to do."

He pleaded for a little time—half-an-hour—twenty minutes—a quarter-of-an-hour. She granted the quarter. Then he began to wish he had not begged to stay, for somehow the thought of Dobroski began to grow so horribly troublesome to him that he could not hide his uneasiness. Julia saw the cloud, and saw him strive to chase it. Women who are in love, even if they happen to be very simple and childish in other matters, are quick at things like these. But she thought she knew the cause, and so his trouble brought her a new pleasure.

"Hector," she said, timidly.

"Darling," he answered.

"Are you—are you very easily offended?"

"No," he said, doing his best to smile, but seeing the Dobroski ghost too near and threatening to succeed.

"I can't," said the pretty little widow, hiding her face in her hands, quite in the old way.

"Can't what, dear?" asked O'Rourke.

"I'll write to you. I want to say something, and I can't say it. Let me write. You won't be offended. Will you?"

"I will try very hard not to be," he answered.

There was a tender parting, and he was out in the streets alone, with his amazing good fortune. No. The Dobroski spectre was here and would not be dismissed. If he had but known what lay in wait for him he would have denounced that scoundrel of a spy unhesitatingly. Could he not even now denounce him to Dobroski, putting the old man on his guard, and at the first possible hour returning that dirty money to Zeno or Dr. Brün? He felt his hands soiled by the touch of the notes he had taken but a few hours before, and was ready to do anything to clear himself of the feeling. And yet, urgent as his inward protestations were, he did nothing.

When he got home he found an urgent Parliamentary whip awaiting him. He had been lax in duty of late, and made up his mind to go down if it were only to see the last of the place, and to take an unspoken leave of old companions there. He went down and voted with his old companions, and then walked home again, and got to bed and to sleep, but he dreamed of Dobroski under the knout, and woke horrified. When morning came he sat himself resolutely to business, and when the day was sufficiently advanced he strolled out and visited a tradesman or two who had of late grown troublesome, and paid them, using the money that soiled him so much in the handling.

Then he went home suddenly resolved to pay no more until actual

compulsion was laid upon him. He would keep as much of this shameful eleven hundred as he could, and at the earliest possible moment he would send the whole sum back to Zeno with a warning to disappear in four and twenty hours. As for what might happen in the mean time—that was a thing he hardly cared to think of.

It was early afternoon when a letter from Julia reached him. He opened it with a curious sort of misgiving, and rose to his feet startled at the sight of a cheque within the letter. The cheque was for no less a sum than a thousand pounds. The little widow's accompanying letter told him that she had heard of his embarrassments, and had desired to speak of them, but could not find the courage. He was to take this whether he wanted it or not, and if he refused she would never, never forgive him. She would never forgive him either if he spoke or wrote a word about it. He was to take it, and to forgive her for sending it. And he was to believe that she was always, always, always his own loving and faithful Julia.

When once he knew the priceless good fortune that had befallen him, he seized his hat, dashed into the street, and, hailing a cab, was driven to the bank. He was but just in time, and was the last man served that day, but when he emerged he carried the price of his own freedom and Dobroski's safety in his pocket. He dismissed his cab, and walked homeward, thinking by the way. His road led him by the gunmaker's window into which he had looked some four-and-twenty hours earlier. Once more in his own quick, imaginative way he went through yesterday's dream. Suppose Zeno should resent his giving the money back? Suppose he was so near his final spring that he would be ready to risk anything at being balked?

O'Rourke entered the shop and bought a revolver, and cartridges. He went home again, loaded his purchase, and put it in his breast pocket. Then seeing that it bulged there in an unsightly fashion he put on a light dust overcoat to hide it, counted out eleven hundred pounds, locked the rest of his money in his writing desk, and walked towards Zeno's chambers. He had heard the address given to the cabman yesterday, and fortunately he remembered it.

Mr. Vroblewskoff was not at home. He would return at eight o'clock, said the maid. She was certain of that—in answer to O'Rourke's inquiry—because he had ordered dinner for that hour, and expected some gentlemen to dine with him.

"Very well," said O'Rourke. "I will call at about that time."

(To be continued)



MR. LESTER STEPHEN'S "Life of Henry Fawcett" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is a finely-executed record of a noble and courageous career. For many years Mr. Stephen was on terms of closest intimacy with the late Mr. Fawcett, and all necessary papers for the biography have been placed in his hands by Mrs. Fawcett. To complete mastery of his subject Mr. Stephen adds sympathy and love and a perfect literary style. No wonder, then, that his book is fascinating in the highest degree. Henry Fawcett was born at Salisbury in 1833; his father, who still survives him, being a draper in that town. From his father, Mr. Stephen tells us, Fawcett inherited his keen enjoyment of athletic exercises and his strong bent towards Liberalism. From a dame school he passed to Queenwood College, where he was the first pupil, thence to King's College, London, and finally to Peterhouse and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. From his youth he showed remarkable power of intellect. He could reason closely, and early showed pleasure in discussing practical affairs. He was never a good classical scholar. At a comparatively early age he suffered from an affection of the eyes which threatened at one time to deprive him entirely of sight. From this he recovered only to lose his eyesight in the most tragic manner in 1858. He was shooting with his father on Harnham Hill, near Salisbury, and went forward some yards in front of his party. A covey of partridges rose near him, and Mr. Fawcett, senior, who was himself suffering from incipient cataract, shot at a bird nearly in line with his son. The bird was hit, but some of the pellets diverged and struck Henry Fawcett. "Most of these entered his chest, but, passing through a thick coat, only inflicted a trivial wound. Two of them went higher. He was wearing tinted spectacles to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. One shot passed through each glass of the spectacles, making in each a clean round hole. Their force was partly spent, and was further diminished by the resistance of the spectacles. They might otherwise have reached the brain and inflicted a fatal injury. As it was, they passed right through the eyes, remaining permanently embedded behind them. Fawcett was instantaneously blinded for life." At the time he suffered no actual pain, and within ten minutes he had determined not to change the plan of life he had mapped out for himself. He skated, rode, and fished as before, learned to play and win at cards, and did all that an active and courageous mind could to lessen the terrible evil which had befallen him. He had long had the desire for a political career, and after one or two plucky losing fights was elected for Brighton. From that time he was always before the public, and his career becomes part of contemporary history. His public acts, his independence of spirit, his integrity, his great administrative ability, will long be remembered; and the public may now learn from Mr. Stephen's pages that in private life he was the sincerest of friends, compassionate to the unfortunate, the most good tempered of companions, ever ready to start and relish a jest, and keenly enjoying the best things of life.

One of the last tributes to the memory of the late General Gordon comes in the form of a facsimile of the last of his journals at Khartoum. The journals are reproduced with fidelity from the originals—erasures, interlineations, and blots being all preserved,—and being printed on paper the exact size of the telegraph-forms on which the original was written, we have here as perfect a facsimile as can be produced. The whole forms a large and handsome volume, of which the publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., have printed only 500 copies. The journal opens on Nov. 5, 1884, soon after Gordon had received the news of the death of Colonel Stewart, M. Herbin, and Mr. Power. It tells, with many graphic strokes, and with many curious touches of humour, the terrible story of the siege from day to day, while the Arab hordes were pressing closer on the city, and the hope of help faded, and concludes with the words, which will long ring in the ears of Englishmen, "Now mark this. If the expeditionary force, and I ask for no more than 200 men, does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good bye. C. E. GORDON."

"The Science of Dress in Theory and Practice," by Miss Ada S. Ballin (Sampson Low), is an excellent practical book which should be widely read. It advocates with skill all the recent new views about women's dress which have lately become familiar through the Rational Dress Society. Miss Ballin declares that she can teach women to dress healthily and yet fashionably; and she gives the case of two young ladies, the most fashionable at a particular watering-place, who were dressed on perfect hygienic principles, yet no one would have guessed it. These young ladies were remarkably little underclothing, but what they did wear was well designed to give the greatest warmth with the least weight. Miss Ballin is the sworn friend of "combinations," but she abuses chemises. Against

light lacing she inveighs with as much vigour as a man could; and she shows how all the good effect of the corset may be produced without any compression, which leads to displacement of the liver and the other organs. We heartily wish that all women would read Miss Ballin's book, and be guided by its excellent advice.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have now brought to a close their new edition of the works of Thackeray. The last two volumes are entitled "Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches, and Reviews," and "Contributions to Punch." It was not, it appears, originally the intention of the publishers to print these scattered pieces, or at least not all of them. But the copyright in some of Thackeray's earlier writings having expired, some over-zealous worshipper has announced his intention of raking together and publishing as many of the novelist's early pieces as he can disentomb from the periodicals to which they were contributed. To defeat this design the publishers issue these two volumes, containing all the early works of Thackeray which they deem worthy of preservation. The public, we think, would have been well content to leave unknown much of the contents of these volumes. Good things there undoubtedly are: things worthy of Thackeray almost at his best. But the rest is a sad mixture of the indifferent and the bad; verses written when Pegasus could not be whipped up even into a trot, but performed merely a limping walk, essays dashed off in a hurry with far too little thought, critiques which smell of the lamp, and are neither wise nor witty. Fortunately Thackeray's reputation is far beyond the reach of injury.

Of the thousands who have listened to the clever lectures of the late George Dawson, there must be many who would like to have some permanent record of them. This is now to be had in "Biographical Lectures," by George Dawson, edited by George St. Clair (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Some of the lectures, notably those on Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, are printed at length, and in the same words in which they were delivered; in other cases meagre newspaper reports are all that is now to be had. George Dawson was a good and a clever man, and he was undoubtedly the most popular lecturer of his day. Yet, on reading these lectures coolly over, it is obvious that they are not the work of a man who was in any sense a great thinker. Carlyle and Emerson were his two great masters, and perhaps we may put Wordsworth with them. Beyond, or far away, from these thinkers Dawson never got; but all they taught him he assimilated thoroughly and re-uttered with skill, and with a colouring given by his own shrewd, kindly nature. To hear him lecture—to note the play of countenance, the clever management of the voice, the vivid sense of the ludicrous, and occasionally the simple eloquence—was a pleasure long to be remembered: to read his lectures is by no means so entertaining.

Under the title "Russia's Power of Attacking India" (W. H. Allen and Co.), Mr. Charles Marvin publishes a popular pamphlet, at the nominal price of threepence, which contains the essence of the Russo-Indian question. Since Sir Henry Rawlinson's virtual retirement from the Central Asian controversy, Mr. Marvin has been recognised as the foremost English authority on the subject, and he gives startling figures to show the overwhelming force Russia is accumulating on the Caspian.

From M. A. Quantin, 7, Rue Saint-Benoit, Paris, we have received some samples of first-class French book-work. The most important is "L'Angleterre, L'Ecosse, et L'Irlande," by P. Villars. This is a magnificent volume of nearly 700 pages, containing four maps and over 600 illustrations. The illustrations are all executed by some good "process," and the paper and printing are so excellent that the effect produced is often quite equal to that of good wood-engraving. London is adequately treated, to each great town several pictures are devoted, and our finest scenery—the English Lakes, North Wales, and Killarney—is shown by its characteristic pictures. The letterpress has been executed with great care. There are none of those curious absurdities which might be expected in a work of this scope, covering as it does the whole life of the people, political, social, and manufacturing. Of misprints we have discovered only two or three. The description of the game of football is amusing: "Mais si le jeu de cricket a ses dangers, celui du football est absolument barbare.... Il est éccœurant de voir ces groupes d'enfants, d'hommes mêmes, s'acharner sur celui qui tient la balle, comme une meute de chiens sur un sanglier.... On a essayé de le rendre moins dangereux en établissant des règles nouvelles; mais les jeunes Anglais, qui aiment à faire parade de leur *power of endurance*, préfèrent le jouer dans toute sa sauvagerie. Grattez l'Anglais, vous trouverez le barbare." The book is one of worth, and of great artistic value.—"Le Vicaire de Wakefield" is a new translation of Goldsmith's book, by B.-H. Gausseron. It is illustrated by a great number of small pictures, printed in colours with admirable skill and taste. Finer work of the kind we have never seen. The difficulties naturally felt by a French artist in depicting characters and scenes so purely English have been, on the whole, successfully overcome. Now and then we meet with sentiment which is foreign, suggested, perhaps, in an attitude, or the expression of a face, and some of the symbolical head-pieces are purely French in conception. These are small matters, and do not make the book less of an achievement both in drawing and printing. The translation, so far as we have tested it, appears exact, fluent, and simple.—"Les Farfadets," from the same publisher, is, in its way, no less excellent. It narrates an old Breton story, and the pictures have much imaginative force.—Finally, there are two delightful little books about babies. "Les Bébés des Jardins de Paris" and "La Journée de Bébé." Here are children in all attitudes and pursuits. It is the child-life of Paris summarised—the child-life, that is, of the rich and happy children. The others have no artist to draw them, and their lives could not be put into pretty picture-books. These books are no better than Miss Greenaway's, or Mr. Caldecott's, or Mr. Walter Crane's; they have less imagination, and no more grace. But they do, in their French way, for French children what these three English artists have done for English little ones.

"Mathieson's Vade Mecum for Investors for 1886" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), is an invaluable reference book for persons wishing to invest money. It gives the latest information respecting all classes of stocks and shares quoted on the Stock Exchange, and in the case of foreign countries states the condition under which each loan was issued, the nature of the securities, the date and place of payment of interest, and numerous other details. Thus the would-be investor can at once ascertain for himself all essential particulars concerning any loan or railway stock. The book is exceedingly carefully compiled, and the information particularly well classified.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VIII.

THE "Ingoldsby Legends" prove an inexhaustible treasury to Mr. Ernest Jessopp, who draws afresh this year from the source which has previously brought him so much success. Perhaps his illustrations to the doleful ballad of the elderly naturalist and his fickle young spouse, "The Knight and the Lady" (Lyre and Spottiswoode), are not so comic as last winter's "Lay of St. Aloys," but they show a genuine sense of humour, which never outsteps the bounds of true artistic satire. While his larger scenes are charmingly conceived and drawn, Mr. Jessopp is as keen to seize upon the funny side of matters domestic as of things ecclesiastical for his miniature sketches sprinkled throughout the text. Indeed, the

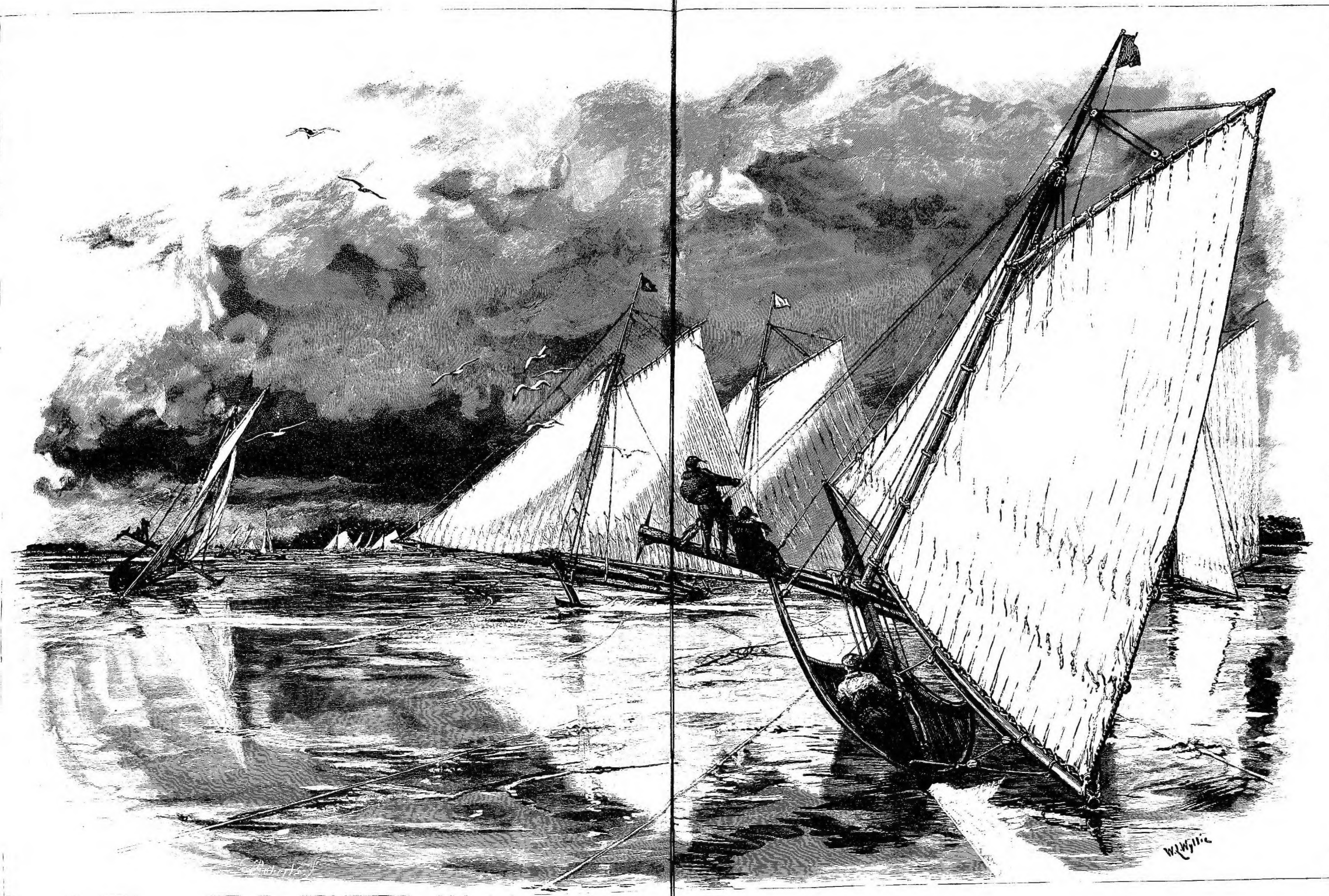
volume abounds with clever suggestive touches—such as the greenish tint of verse and picture which recalls the condition of the duck-pond where the enthusiastic knight met his end—and is undoubtedly one of the most entertaining productions of the season.—Yet another British poet, though of a widely different type, is illustrated in "Robert Burns" (Marcus Ward), where some graceful drawings of places and people made famous by the Scotch bard are happily united to a poem composed by Mr. Duncan Macgregor Crerar for the New York Burns Society, on their recent celebration of the 126th anniversary of Burns's birthday. A delightful present for a poetic Scot, this prettily got-up pamphlet in its old-fashioned garb.

Our remaining pictorial books belong to the little ones. The thrilling street-drama of which scapegrace Mr. Punch is the hero will be watched with new zest after reading Mr. Weatherly's "Punch and July" (Marcus Ward), wherein those historical puppets pass through startling adventures, as merrily depicted in story as in Miss Townsend's tasteful pictures.—Though of slight character, Miss Cunningham's tale of "The Ogre" (Marcus Ward) is a pleasant childish history, with T. Pym to portray picturesque juveniles.—The animal world comes to the fore in many picture-books, where the first place is held by Mr. Harrison Weir's life-like representations of "Birds, Beasts, and Fishes" (Routledge), whose history is told in rhyme and prose by Mrs. Sale Barker.—Further, Mrs. Barker has cheery anecdotes of cats and dogs to enliven "Puff the Pomeranian" (Routledge), adorned with A. W. Cooper's coloured illustrations and plentiful engravings.—The same publishers provide numerous similar collections of picture and story for the nursery: such as "A Day's Pleasure," "Mousey," &c.; while refined tinted picture-books to educate the childish eye are Messrs. Warne's "Three Kittens" and "Our Dog Laddie," containing nice stories to boot.—Messrs. Dean have hit upon a happy method of familiarising children with well-known artists by their coloured series. "Copies from far-famed Pictures by William Hunt," "Rustic and Domestic Life from Pictures by Famous Painters," and "Pictures of English Country Life by Birket Foster;" while their coloured Alphabets are rather more gay in order to catch the attention of those just learning to read.—Mites too will learn something of familiar objects from "Something Worth Knowing," and Mrs. Tilsley's "Little Toddlers" (Dean), or the gorgeous alphabets and animals of "Aunt Louisa's Nursery Book" (Warne).

Many an easy path to knowledge has been pointed out to young people by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and those who study his "Half-Hours with a Naturalist" (Isbister) indoors during the Christmas vacation will find fresh subjects of interest to hunt for out-of-doors in spring and summer holidays. Fish and insects are Mr. Wood's theme this time, described in his usual easy gossiping fashion.—Do the lads prefer history to science? Let them turn to the proud register of glorious national deeds in the new enlarged editions of "Great Battles of the British Navy" and "Great Battles of the British Army" (Routledge), where Lieutenant Charles Low brings the record up to the present date, including the recent Soudan Campaign.—Or they may read of true courage galore in "On Honour's Roll" (Warne), by Mrs. Valentine, which tells of striking heroic episodes in all parts of the world during our own century, and draws largely on American authorities.—Nor does adventurous fiction flag as yet. Thrilling, indeed, are the experiences of the three fugitives detailed in "Escaped from Siberia" (Routledge), a capital, brisk story, neatly adapted by H. Frith from MM. Tissot and Amero. Fleeing from Russian injustice, the characters tread ground, hitherto little utilised by writers, among the Tchoukchis on the Siberian shores of the Polar Sea.—From the regions of snow and ice we pass to tropic climes, to follow Captain Mayne Reid's "The Vee-Boers" (Routledge) in a perilous journey across Southern Africa. Vee-Boers correspond with Australian stockmen in occupation, and the present members of the sturdy race who lately gave us so much work in the Transvaal are equally determined in overcoming such native obstacles as drought, lions, elephants, and the fatal tsetse fly.—Further up the African coast Mr. Harry Collingwood describes with much gusto chasing slavers of olden days in "The Congo Rovers" (Blackie), which brims over with sea-fights, youthful bravery, and hairbreadth escapes, and is just the sort of rollicking, wholesome sea-story that boys delight in.—Some good brief ocean yarns, too, are spun by Mr. J. C. Hutchison in "Tom Finch's Monkey" (Blackie), after which readers may compare past and present sea-stories by dipping into a handsome fresh edition of Captain Marryat's "Masterman Ready" (Warne).—Another reprint of a fascinating boy's book is at hand in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" (Cassell), now well illustrated; and lastly in this class, Miss G. Stebbing details how an honest English boy and a Parisian *gamin* went "Among the Carbonari" (Hatchards), and successfully circumvented French police and Italian conspirators.

The girls now have their turn with the last production of the authoress of the "Wide, Wide World," a small portion left unfinished at Miss Warner's death being supplied by her sister, "Daisy Plains" (Isbister) is one more of those homely American stories which Miss Warner wrote so well, deeply religious in tone, and a trifle narrow-minded, but attractive, and decidedly worth reading.—A more lively aspect of Transatlantic country life appears in "Winter Fun" (Bickers), which will make English damsels long to join in the free enjoyments and outdoor frolics of their American cousins, so cheerily narrated by W. O. Stoddard.—And a breath of this same American independence seems to have inspired the heroine of "Her Gentle Deeds" (Isbister), where Miss Tytler draws a noble girlish character, full of unselfishness and pluck, and most cruelly maligned by the artist in the frontispiece.—The brief romances of real life which "Miss Grantley's Girl" (Blackie) are told out of school by Mr. T. Archer are no less pleasant, particularly the sketch of Huguenot exiles, which is fitly matched by the taking picture of three French damsels driven to England by the Reign of Terror, "Sylvia's Daughters," by F. Scannell (Warne), dauntily illustrated by E. Scannell.—A grain of history leavens alike the sad tale of martyrdom in the Early Christian Church, "From Crown to Crown," by the author of "The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons" (Hatchards), and the lively sketch of old German life in Nuremberg, "The Chimes of Erfurt," translated by B. Tomasson and Cäcile Wästenburg (London Literary Society), where Hans Sachs, the shoemaker poet, plays a prominent part.—For younger girls Miss Shaw's "A Sea Change" (Routledge), the history of a lost child, and Miss Hutton's "Dessie Fennimore" (Hedder and Stoughton), are good sensible tales, while Miss Lowndes contributes two ordinary family chronicles of mischief, "New Honours" and "Lena Graham" (Warne).—One of the prettiest records of juvenile pranks, however, is Mrs. Field's "Mixed Pickles" (Wells Gardner), which, with T. Pym's drawings, will be a welcome gift.—Three out of the six volumes of Messrs. Cassell's "Proverb Series" also are adapted for girls, two dealing with prize subtitled—"Trixy," by M. Symington, and "Ursula's Stumbling Block," by Julia Goddard—and the third, "Ruth's Life Work," by the Rev. J. Johnson, prosily illustrating the saw, "No pains, no gains." Three others depict life among the poorer classes, and Mrs. Pitt's "Fritters" is a most winning and pathetic study of a street Arab and his crippled brother. There is a good little cripple, too, in "Tim Thomson's Trial," by G. Weatherly, which tells of the ultimate triumph of right over wrong; while "The Two Harlequins," by M. B. Hunt, points out the most successful way of working amongst the poor.

Again the trials of humble life are well described by Mr. Silas Hocking in "Cricket" (Warne), which will teach as good lessons of honesty under difficulties as L. T. Meade's exciting "A Little



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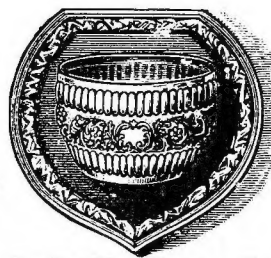


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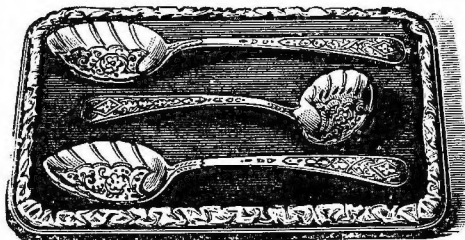
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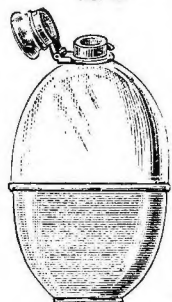
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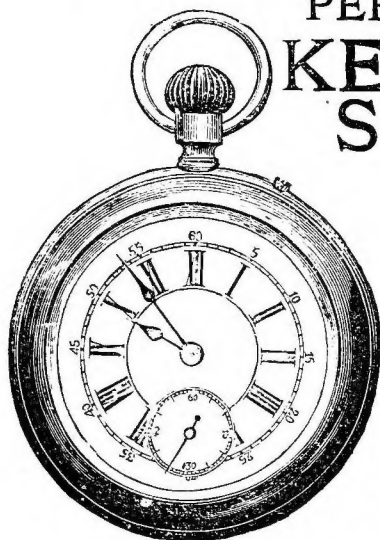
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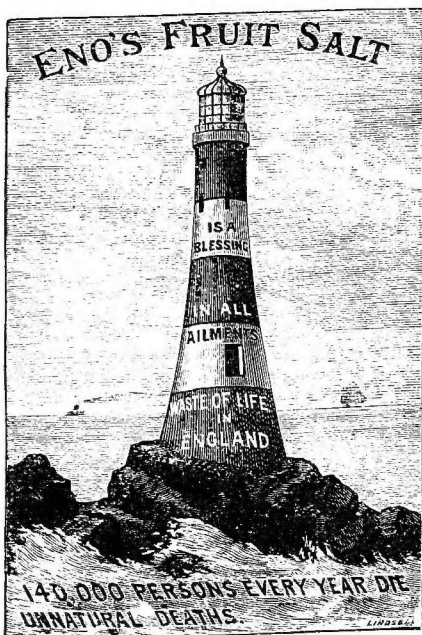
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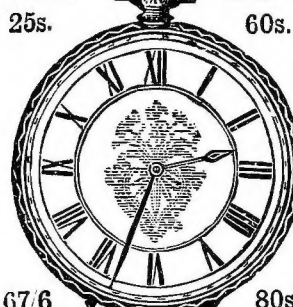
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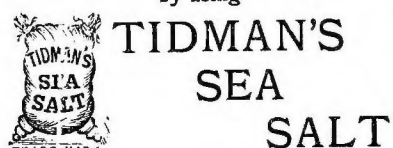
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